THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

JULY 1, 1809.

JOHN AND THE DOCTORS.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * Now John had an excellent constitution; but like many other people in high health, he was always fancying that something was the matter with him, and always tampering with quacks. As he was much given to fits of passion, and at such times was fullest of these hypochondriac fancies, these quacks were industrious to seek out causes of irritation, that they might put off their nostrums upon him. There was a lad whom John had hired to mind his sheep, shoot the rooks, and small birds, that eat up his grain. He was a sturdy fellow, and according to all accounts did not neglect his work. It is very true, he was no great shot, he did not often bring home any trophies of his skill, but he managed to keep the vermin off the farm. Like most lads of his age he was fond of a game at romps; but there was one little girl that was his favourite play-fellow, and as he was a good-natured lad he used to give her now and then a few

gooseberries and plumbs out of the farmer's garden, and sometimes a few wind-falls out of the orchard for her brothers and cousins. John was too good-humoured to grudge him, and would have taken no notice of the matter if it had not been for these quacks. But they would not miss such a fair opportunity of working upon John's hasty temper. So one of them came to him open mouthed with a terrible account of the lad's tricks, and brought the little girl with him, who, for the sake of a few sugar-plumbs that he promised her, made as much of the story as she could. John laughed at it at first, but when some more of the quacks joined in the charge, he began to think there was something in it. When they had once got him to listen, they soon made him believe that the lad had not only stripped every gooseberry, plumb, and apple off the trees, but that, out of pure wickedness and wantonness, he would soon destroy the trees themselves, root and branch. John was now, to be sure, in a most outrageous fury: he foamed at the mouth, and swore and stamped, and threatened, and vowed vengeance against the lad. Any one to have seen him would have thought him mad. This was just the pitch to which the quacks wished to wind him up. It was not long before JOHN began to vent his complaints; his constitution was gone, he said, quite broke up, ruined, undermined; he had a hundred disorders at once.

And now it was a curious thing to see the bustle of the quacks, to hear their various judgment of his symptoms, and their various and opposite prescriptions. There was one fat unwieldy fellow who pronounced the complaint to be the *yellow* jaundice, and advised the application of leeches, and said the best sort were to be found at STOW: in this opinion he was supported by two others, who were his near relations, one of whom was remarkable for the

singular protuberance of his nether extremity. John did not seem to relish the thoughts of these leeches: but he had no occasion to refuse, for another of the empirics declared that the disease lay deeper than was imagined, and that venesection and scarification were indispensably necessary; and he was proceeding to operation, when another with a gloomy scowl arrested his arm, and swore that such trifling was not suited to the present case, that a mortification had taken place in the upper extremity, and excision alone could save the patient. He had brought the model of a machine for the purpose, not indeed of his own invention, but much improved by him, and he offered it to the company as a radical cure for all diseases. At this they all laughed, and said the doctor was in a more lamentable state of derangement than the patient. A very saintly-looking little fellow was for a milder course, and recommended a milk diet, while another without ceremony proceeded at once to drench him with a dose of quassia; both of these, however, agreed as to the absolute necessity of frequent spiritual exercise. He that had been the chief instrument of this confusion contended that John had got the itch, a disease, he observed, very common in the Welch mountains, and for which he had an excellent ointment that had never failed when accompanied with a strict diet of leek porridge, to cure both himself and friends. Another professor from the mountains considered the complaint to be bilious, and advised fifty or a *hundred* grains of tartar emetic that his inside might be *completely cleared.* A *Grey*-headed quack, who pronounced the disorder to be a lethargy, advised the application of a general blister, which he had provided; while a young fellow as vehemently asserted that the patient was afflicted with a brain fever, and began to lather his head for the purpose of shaving it. It was

supposed, however, that he was a favourite with John's wife, and meant to plant a HORN on his head, and John seemed to be rather jealous of him. It is scarcely possible to enumerate all the plans which were suggested, while they were stripping him for his hot-bath, previous to which a strong dose of opium was urgently recommended by one who looked as wild as if he had swallowed as much opium as a basha with three tails. Others wanted to trepan the patient, but as every one insisted on his own superior skill in the art of trepanning, the operation was not performed, because they could not agree who should be the operator. But there were two villainous looking fellows, who had been consulting apart, one of whom stated the danger of immersion on a full stomach, and the absolute necessity of first clearing the intestines, for which purpose he proposed to administer a glister; while the other, a wretch whose ears had been spared by the pillory, observed that the symptoms indicated dropsy, and insisted on tapping the patient. As he was beginning to tap, however, it was discovered that he had concealed a dagger in his sleeve, for the cowardly purpose of murdering honest John; and at the same time it was found that the glister-pipe of the other was a *Porcupine*'s quill, and the contents of the bladder a solution of corrosive sublimate. All was now confusion. John jumped up in a rage, and kicking one on the breech, and wringing another by the nose, began to lay about him to the great dismay of the quacks * * * * * *

BIBLIOMANIA, OR BOOK-MADNESS.

Quò plus habent, eò plus cupiunt.

Two works under this singular title are now advertised for sale; the one is in verse, by Dr. Ferriar, the other in prose, by Mr. Dibdin; and both are addressed to RICHARD HEBER, Esq. a young gentleman of independent property, whom auctioneers, booksellers, and collectors justly consider as "the child and champion" of literary *virtù*. It is not our intention in this place to discuss the relative and comparative merits of Dr. Ferriar and Mr. Dibdin: such subjects more properly and peculiarly belong to the department of our *Review*. We deem the matter itself of their ingenious disquisitions, however, very fair game; the contagion "has increased, is increasing, and," in our honest opinion, "ought to be diminished;" nor shall the mild application of THE SATIRIST's alterative medicine be any longer withheld; although, alas! we fear there is too much cause to suspect, that in many constitutions the disease, when inveterate, becomes a habit, strong, and incurable.

It cannot be supposed that any society of scholars should wish to disparage the utility of large public libraries in general, or to decry the occasional benefit of handsome private collections. All we are now desirous most strenuously, to urge and to insist upon, is the notorious infatuation of those enthusiasts, who throng to every great BOOK-AUCTION, month after month, and year after year, and purchase copies upon copies, of *the same publications, in all the branches of science*, to hoard

them up at home, with vast expence and parade, not for *study* but for *show*. Truly, the weak possessors of such splendid accumulations can hardly be said to enjoy the beauties of their seraglios; they may rather be contemptuously likened to the mutes and mutilated monsters of the East, who guard in wretched seclusion the choicest treasures of nature, with joyless, hopeless jealousy. Some liberal-minded men there are, (we are told,) who scorn to play the part of *The dog in the manger;* men, who, though themselves uninspired with the thirst for knowledge, yet generously condescend to unlock the streams of ancient wisdom, and to water the lips of pilgrims, and humbler devotees. We remember to have read, in one of Walter Scott's incoherent effusions tacked to his *Marmion*, that this qualified degree of praise is due to RICHARD HEBER, Esq., and we cheerfully acquiesce in its appropriation.

Mr. HEBER's "Bibliomania, or Book-Madness," appears perfectly venial, therefore, in our eyes, when we reflect either on the mischievous operation of the passion in men of sordid dispositions, or, on the horrible waste of time and money, which its indiscriminate indulgence occasions. Of all curmudgeons, surely, the literary miser is the most execrable: of all monopolies, the monopoly of unused intellectual property—*the food of the mind*—is the basest and the least excusable. And if time be, indeed, the most valuable of all our possessions, what shall we say to its continued and wanton expenditure by men of imputed learning at BOOK-AUCTIONS, in purchasing, at a higher rate than other competitors, rich stores of information, which they never mean to open themselves, and *resolve never to impart?*

In that strange hotch-potch of erudition and trumpery, attributed to Mr. Matthias the queen's treasurer, and entitled "THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE," we noticed some

whimsical remarks and animadversions on the "Bibliomania or Book-Madness" of Dr. Isaac Gossett. That worthy little *helluo librorum*, we understand, prides himself more at being thus exhibited to public view, than people would well imagine; aye, and chuckles more heartily over the line,

"*Constant as milk white G * ss * tt at a sale.*"

than ever cornuted tailor did at the birth of his wife's bastard. *Parvis parva decent.* We blame *him* not: but we deprecate the effect of his example on a young gentleman like Mr. RICHARD HEBER, whom Dr. Ferriar, Mr. Dibdin, and Mr. Walter Scott hold forth to ridicule and censure.

There is an admirable passage in an old author, whose lucubrations are deservedly much prized at all BOOK-AUCTIONS,—and by no man more than by the brother of the author of "*Palestine.*" We here present the verses to our fashionable readers, who will immediately perceive the appositeness of our quotation: and we venture fondly to flatter ourselves with the hope and assurance that every *book-hunter* will cordially thank THE SATIRIST, for the perusal of so delicate and classical a compliment:

Ædibus in nostris librorum culta supellex
Eminet, et chartis vivo contentus opertis,
Quas video ignorans: *juvat et me copia sola.*
Constituit quondam dive Ptolemæus, haberet
Ut libros toto quæsitos undique mundo,
Quos grandes rerum thesauros esse putabat:
Non tamen arcanæ legis documenta tenebat,
Queis sine non poterat vitæ disponere cursum.
En pariter teneo numerosa volumina, tardus
Pauca lego, *viridi contentus tegmine libri.** κ.τ.λ.

* STULTIFERA NAVIS mortalium, in quâ fatui affectus, mores,

THE FRIENDS OF REFORM,

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

[AIR. "*To Anacreon in Heaven, &c.*]

I.

To the traitor Despard, in the regions of hell,
Some scurvy Burdettites address'd a petition,
That his spirit, at least, in their synod might dwell:
When this answer arriv'd from that son of sedition:
Ye mutinous brutes,
No longer be mutes,
I'll put on my head, and I'll pull on my boots;
In a crack I'll be with you and then we'll combine
To sacrifice freedom at ANARCHY's shrine.

II.

The news through all Tartarus speedily flew;
When old Spit-fire pretended to give himself airs:
"If these scoundrels are suffer'd their game to pursue,
"The devil a villain will stay below stairs.
"Hark! forward! they cry,
"In transports of joy,
"Away to the gang of Burdett let us fly,
"At the Strand *Crown and Anchor* let's snugly combine
"To sacrifice freedom at ANARCHY's shrine.

conatus atque studia, quibus vitæ hæc nostra, in omni hominum genere, scatet, cunctis sapientiæ cultoribus depinguntur et velut in speculo ob oculos ponuntur. Liber salutaribus doctrinis et admonitionibus plenus. Olim à clariss. viro D. SEBASTIANO BRANT, jurisconsulto, Germanicis rhythmis conscriptus, et per JACOBUM LOCKER Suevum Latinitati donatus: nunc verò revisus, et elegantissimis figuris recens illustratus, Basileæ, ex officinâ Sebastiana Henricpetri, Anno recuperatæ salutis humanæ M.D.LXXII. Mense Martio.

III.

" Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and The'bald Wolf Tone,
" And Bagenal Harvey will give me the slip,
" O'Quighley and Jackson; nay, fifty to one,
" Ma'am Helen Maria will long for a trip:
" They shall learn 'tis no joke,
" My wrath to provoke,
" For, damme! I'll mingle my *fire* with their *smoke*;
" I'll singe these vile rogues, who without me combine,
" To sacrifice freedom at ANARCHY's shrine."

IV.

Tommy Holcroft exclaim'd " my dear devil be wise:
" *They*, a loyal assemblage of honour and worth!
" *They*, FRIENDS OF REFORM!!! *'Tis a parcel of lies!*
" No, no; they're the best friends *you* have upon earth.
" Then, let us not dawdle;
" Let each take his fardel
" Of *ça ira* projects and hasten to Wardle!
" For he, Burdett, Lord Folkstone, and Whitbread combine
" To sacrifice freedom at ANARCHY's shrine.

V.

Next Helen* got up, with a Billingsgate grace,
And swore in the frolic she'd chearfully join:
" Let Mary Ann Clarke boast her beauty of face,
" But the charms of rebellion and murder be mine!
" Daddy Nick be not jealous;
" But put in your bellows."
Cried Satan: " We joy in the fact you now tell us.

* Not Helen of Sparta, the *bona roba* of Paris; but Helen Maria Williams, the strumpet of Imlay, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

" Here's a health to "THE CAUSE"! May all Britons
combine
" To sacrifice freedom at ANARCHY's shrine!"

VI.

Ye FRIENDS OF REFORM then join head, heart, and
hand
To Burdett, and his minions with confidence stick,
For hell's favourite, Horne Tooke, their proceedings
has plann'd
They've the prayers of the damn'd and the praise of
Old Nick.
Yet, though you agree,
One hint take from me,
Mistake not the *gallows* for *Liberty's tree*,
Lest Judge, Jury, and Jack Ketch together combine
To sacrifice *freemen* at ANARCHY's *shrine*.

DOCTOR LEMPRIERE AND THE GOLDEN ASS.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

MR. SATIRIST,

Do you know my Molly? She is a very fine woman: makes syllogisms as well as shirts, and sports paradoxes much better than puddings. Indeed, I must confess that her productions in the latter *line* have not, for some time, been so good as they used to be before she attended the lectures at the Royal Institution. At present the ingredients do not kindly *amalgamate:* or the *car-*

honic gas does not *emit caloric* in sufficient quantities to *concoct*: or a deficiency of *hydrogen* compels one side of the pudding to undergo *combustion*. Lord, Sir, what excellent puddings my grandmother made without putting in one of these hard words, before these d—d Institutions (forgive me for swearing) came into fashion. Sir, they have injured my poor wife's health, as well as distracted her senses: for, between you and me, from what I can collect from her muttering and mumbling in some of her fidgetty humours, I find she is much troubled with the *voltaïc piles!* However, this is neither here nor there.

Molly is a bit of a scholar, and well disposed in the main. She has read many of the best Greek and Latin authors, (*in translations*, as the fashion is with the ladies who attend the Royal Institution); and, in order to acquire the **proper* pronunciation of *proper* names, and

* By the bye, it does not appear to me that the doctor's mode of pronouncing *some* of the names *is* quite so *proper*. For instance: he calls that wicked woman who cut off Cyrus's head (in spite of Xenophon's assertion that he died in peace upon his pillow) for you see, sir, I am somewhat of a scholar; as indeed how should I be otherwise, having been educated at *the Rev.* Mr. Macthrashum's *seminary* for young gentlemen, Pond-street, Hampstead, where I staid seven years, and came out *head-boy* in CORDERY *without the English*, and the SELECTA EX OVIDIO, and then finished my *humanities* under Mr. Thelwall's Institution for the cure of impediments; I never think of this *gentleman* without recollecting how near he was, in 1794, meeting with an *impediment* that he would have been unable to remove) I say, sir, the Doctor calls that woman Thomȳris. Now, as the Doctor's work "has already passed through the ordeal of criticism, and has been honored by a liberal patronage in four large editions." (See his Preface) and as the same *quantity* has been given in every edition, I presume the Doctor thinks that *one* Tibullus, an old musty writer of ballads, but little better than *Anacreon* Moore or *Monk* Lewis, did not know how to call the lady; and therefore manfully, in the face of poor *Tib*, (for the Doctor fairly quotes him, viz. 4 Eleg. i. 143.) orders us to read

to know a little *who was who*, persuaded me to buy for her some time ago, the last edition of the "Classical Dictionary," by J. LEMPRIERE, D.D.: by the same token it cost me 2l. 5s. let alone the binding.

Well, sir, Molly having got her dictionary, sits down; begins at the beginning, meaning to read "*from fruitful A. to unproductive Z.*" She soon gets to the article "APULEIUS," and the Doctor, having kindly acquainted her with his "birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour," proceeds to tell her: "The most famous of his works extant is the *Golden ass*, in eleven books, an allegorical piece, replete with morality." My *easy* wife, thinking that, as the *Golden ass* was an allegorical piece, it might perhaps, give some account of "ALL THE TALENTS" of antiquity, and enable her to institute a comparison between the "*broad-bottomed* administration of Madaura, and an homonymous cabal that had lately been the subject of much ridicule at home, wherein there were certainly *asses* enough, and *gold* lavished on some of them *more* than enough; and finding that it was REPLETE WITH MORALITY, desired me to procure it, and translate it to her. This was a hard task; but how could I refuse the wife of my bosom? I bought, at Lunn's classical library, a neat edition, printed by Simon Colinæus, Parisiis, 1536, and with my old *Ainsworth*, set to work, expecting much pleasure and instruction from a work as choke-full of morality as an egg is full of meat.

Alas! Sir, what are the hopes of man? Before I had got through ten pages I found it would not do to read

Thomȳris, and Tibullus may cry till he is hoarse, "I tell you it is Thomȳris,

"Nec quà regna vago Thomȳris finivit Araxe."

even to one's wife; and my Molly is indeed almost *up to any thing* since her initiation in the *combustion, attraction,* and *cohesion* of the Royal Institution.

Morality!!! Did you ever read Apuleius, sir? If not, read it; *only* read it, and you will be able to form a tolerable correct idea of Doctor Lempriere's notions of morality. Is much moral instruction conveyed in the narrative of Apuleius's *conflict* with Fotis? (P. 19) I do not chuse to speak plainer, for fear some studious investigatrix of natural history should be tempted to "try conclusions,"* and put her husband out of countenance. How much should I pity the noble Earl if he were compelled to act an *under part* while the amiable FUSCIMAMMIA was performing the character of *Venus pendula* (*ibid.*) However gratifying to the salacity of an African the *puerile corollarium* might be, (P. 34.) does the Doctor conceive that it would add much to the morality of Old England if brought into general practice? Does he wish that the penalty which the paramour of the baker's wife, (P. 119 b.) underwent to ensure his safety, should appear on our statute-book, as a severer punishment of the adulterer than any now provided by law? Is much edification to be derived from an intimate acquaintance with the priests of the Dea Syria? (P. 105, b.) Why should we recur to foreigners, while we are still blessed with *the Rev.* W. HUNT-ington? Let us "†love our own country pippin." Last of all, sir, will the Doctor think fit to recommend to the proprietors of the *donkies* at Tunbridge Wells or Margate, during the ensuing summer, those methods of increasing the number of their female customers, which Lucius's master found to answer so well? (P. 137.) I could ask many more similar questions, selected

* Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice.*

† Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth.*

from this *ass* laden with *morality*, but must conclude with one to the Doctor—

"Cur tu labores notus esse tam pravè,
"Cùm stare gratis cum silentio posses ?"

I can readily conceive the cause of the doctor's unfortunate *quid pro quo*, of *morality* instead of *obscenity*, in his account of the *golden ass*. He *never read Apuleius*. It was necessary to say *something* about him, and therefore, in the plenitude of his charity, he thought he might as well speak a word in favour of the poor *ass* as not. Nothing is more common now-a-days, as Sir Richard Phillips well knows, than for gentlemen to write criticisms on books which they have not read, and *review* works which they never set eyes upon. It is certainly an *easy*, and I should conjecture from the numbers who engage in it, a *profitable* speculation. Indeed, to say the truth, during the present high price of cloth, I have some idea of turning my hand that way. I plainly can see, from the manner in which the critical department of the Satirist is conducted, that my services will not be of any use to *you*, sir; but if you will have the kindness to recommend me as a *doer of literary articles* to the proprietors of the Beau Monde, or the Monthly Magazine, you will confer an essential obligation on,

Mr. Satirist,

Your obedient humble servant,

Timothy Blenkinsop.

June 3, 1809.
No. 4, *Bethnal Green.*

N.B. The best superfine cloth coats at 3l. 10s. Leather breeches made and mended with *curious felicity*.

THE HARD CASE OF A BURDETTITE'S WIFE.

DEAR MR. SATIRIST,

You know very well there is an old proverb in our mother tongue, that says "*Charity* should begin at home;" be the truth of this as it may, I am quite sure and certain that *Reform* should. Only favour me with your patient attention for a few minutes, and I think I shall make it out pretty clearly, that, as the farrier's mare is generally the worst shod, so a modern *Reformer's* wife, (as is my unhappy case), is always the most neglected.

In the name of fortune, I wonder what my good-man married me for! It could not be for a wife, for he kept more ladies than he knew what to do with before; it could not be for a housekeeper, for Mrs. L. still stays with us, and is really a worthy body; and it could hardly be for the sake of having children to his estate, for at the mad rate he goes on, I am sadly afraid, sir, he will soon leave no estate or property of any kind to be inherited. I hope he did not court me for my fortune: but, indeed and indeed I have many more reasons than one, *under the rose*, for believing that (whatever might once have been the object of pursuit) he now no longer cares one farthing for my person; and I am, to all intents and purposes, like a sailor's wife, whose husband is out on a tedious cruise; or perhaps you may understand my meaning better when I assure you that, *ever since the Duke of York's affair*, I have been exactly in the tantalizing predicament of what is sometimes called "a widow bewitched." There must be secrets in all families, to be sure; but, sir, I consider myself very barbarously slighted, and I don't choose this treatment should be among the

number of mine. No, no, I am, on the contrary, more than half inclined to sue for a divorce, that I am. Did not he publicly promise in the church before the parson to "*love*," and to "*cherish*" me, and so forth? and don't we all know the duties as well as the rights of married men? A plague on these new-fangled doctrines of *Reform* out of doors! say I. I suppose Colonel Wardle will make a motion to alter the prayer-book next. Ah! there's no knowing where these meddling gentry will stop, when they have got their hands in: I don't like their doings at all, and I am morally certain (as you and Mr. Perceval tell us), they can come to no good; but, alas! my husband, I fear, is incorrigible.

If at any time I attempt to expostulate with him on his junketings at taverns and alehouses, on his waste of nights at *the British Forum, the Robin Hood,* and *the House of Commons,* on his poring over political papers all day long, sometimes, when he should be at work, he almost snaps my nose off: and when I ask him what end he expects this outrageous bellowing about *Reform* will answer, he scornfully curls his nose, and cries: "The good of the nation, Madam!"—*The good of the nation,* forsooth! I would be extremely glad to learn, Mr. Satirist, what national good will be done by those scrubs, who do little or no good in their own households; who are quite indifferent to the wants and feelings of their own wives and families; who inveigh against the contents of the minister's budget, when they should be contriving the ways and means to liquidate their own private debts; and who bawl away by the hour, about the corruption of great men in exalted stations, whilst they themselves are stupidly squandering their time and money, and injuring alike their morals and their health, in swilling bad liquors to worse toasts, amidst a

drunken assemblage of *wassailers* at civic feasts, stunned with music, noise, and clamour, and heated both in body and mind by bumpers of poison and sentiments of sedition.

I must, however, do my good man the justice to acknowledge, that though he often deserts me at bed and board to run after Sir Francis Burdett, and to get fuddled in the glorious cause of *reform*, though he forgets his *duties* whilst canvassing his *rights*, yet, Sir, I cannot charge him with downright infidelity in the article of wedlock: and I remember Hannah More has well observed, in her *Estimate of the Religion of the fashionable World*, that "in moral as well as political treatises, it is often asserted that it is a great evil to do no good; but it has not perhaps been enough insisted on that it is a good to do no evil." I much fear, Mr. Satirist, that Colonel Wardle's intimacies with the infamous Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Brown, have excited no little anxiety in a certain honest woman's breast. It is no concern of mine, Sir, I confess; but let me tell you in confidence, (notwithstanding all his patriotism and *purity*, and notwithstanding the innumerable addresses to him on his recent conduct,) somehow or other, my mind misgives me strangely about the nature of those suspicious connexions.

The more I consider the behaviour of Sir Francis Burdett and his friends, the more sorry I am for my poor husband's infatuation; but if any *domestic inconvenience* accrues to him from it, let him fairly attribute the affair (whatever it may prove) rather to the natural operation of his levelling principle than to the natural inclination of his hitherto obedient wife. Nay, my dear Mr. Satirist, should you or any of your very numerous readers, of the old school, incline to consider some guarded passages of my present letter as rather too loosely expressed, and the style of my diction in general as somewhat too *free*

for a modest female, let me beg you to accept my apology in still plainer words;—I AM A BURDETTITE'S WIFE. I am a female *reforming citizen*, of the new school. I understand, and I pride myself in having been taught to demand, what my husband's fine political jargon quaintly denominates "the exact reciprocity of privileges, prerogatives, rights, and duties, and the faithful mutual interchange of active services." My husband is *now*, in my view of things, what (God bless his Majesty!) THE KING is in his. He is called my sovereign, I grant ye; but, Mr. Satirist, *he was chosen by his subject*, he possesses, after all, only *a delegated civil authority*, and is neither more nor less than *my servant to command*. By the principles of the matrimonial constitution he may make war or peace abroad without consulting my wishes, or asking my consent. I fancy I must allow this; but then, Sir, who knows not that I may thwart all his plans at home, by stopping his regular supplies, *keeping the key of the till*, and bothering him with a multitude of *petitions for family reform*, from daughter Peggy at Highgate, from sister Martha at Hornsey, from aunt Deborah at Wapping, &c. &c. &c.

And indeed and indeed, I do begin to think I have very strong and cogent reasons for wishing to take the reins of both *executive and legislative* government into my own power. Only observe, Sir.

All the while the "*Enquiry*" lasted, my husband seldom came home to bed till it was high time for the members of all regular families to be up and stirring. Tired in body, and confused in mind, my noble lord and master threw himself always on a sopha below, or on a bed upstairs, to snatch a few half hours of feverish repose. When he awoke all his talk was of *harlots*, of Mrs. Clarke, of Mrs. Favery, of Miss Taylor, and the devil knows whom, that I am sure never bought at our shop. The

poor man was so faint, and languid and nervous, whilst the business lasted, that I knew it would be in vain for me, or any body else, to expect any good from him.

Well! After that cursed job was over, and I began to hope that every fond claim would soon be comfortably discharged, my good man brought home a dirty bit of paper about *a luminous debate at a Club.* I saw how it was, at once, and almost bit my lips through with vexation. However, at last, as I found the club met at eight, I resolved to put the best face I could upon the matter, and "smiling through my tears," as Pope's Homer, I think, says, enquired when he would please to be at home for the night? "When Jones and Finnerty have done speechifying, my love;" was the unsatisfactory reply. Nevertheless I put the back parlour to rights with a throbbing heart, cooked a nice little hot supper with scrupulous care, got a pint of strong beer for Johnny's own drinking, made myself quite spruce and tidy, and waited with panting expectation till half past one o'clock; when a thundering rap at the shop-door set me all in a twitter. I flew in raptures to turn the key, and pull back the bolts; when,—guess my astonishment and confusion, if you can! I saw my unfortunate spouse conducted by two watchmen, without his hat and coat, and dreadfully cut about the face. He was quite hoarse, but perfectly sober, and begged me to pay his companions for their care of him. I did so; and, unlike some meanly inquisitive women, I dismissed them without a question.

When John was seated in the back-parlour with a warm great coat about him, I warmed a little water and washed his face: he was shockingly disfigured. He had received three contusions on the face, had a swollen black eye, and complained of a broken front tooth When he was a little recovered he informed me, (with difficulty,

on account of his hoarseness,) that finding a chasm in the course of the debate, he himself had bawled a good deal for the good of the nation about *reform*; that, towards the close of his speech, he had heedlessly taken his hands off his watch-chain; when the prize, *watch and all*, was immediately twitched out of his fob, a candle near him was put out, he himself was knocked down, amidst loud cries of "Turn him out, turn him out!" his coat was torn from his back, and he was hustled into the street, again knocked down, and left senseless. I urged him to prosecute the managers, but he refused, saying: *There was only a mistake; he dared to say they took a Burdettite for a pick-pocket.* Thus had I literally reckoned without my host.

On the first of May, 1809, John dined at *the Crown and Anchor* with the rest of the gang, of course, and I spared myself all unnecessary trouble this time; locking and bolting the door, and going to bed soon. I was right; for the party broke up, as you know, late; and my tipsy husband slept with many others in a round house. Precisely the same event happened on the second anniversary of Sir Francis Burdett's election for Westminster. John was no voter, to be sure, but what of that? Like a true partizan, he never objects to a guzzle at another man's expence; and where few questions are asked, fewer answers will be given. *He is a rank Burdettite*, and is not that enough?

My poor husband is now scribbling away for dear life, a *sixpenny* letter to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. all about Spain and Portugal. Gracious powers! what a quandary am I in! I find some of John's spouting acquaintances are already in jail for the sins of their pen and ink, and I fear his prudence is not greater than their loyalty. If he be not *fined*, however, I shall not much care. *His conduct has weaned my affections*: for his good, I could

put up with his *imprisonment*, or even his *transportation*; for my quiet, I could accommodate myself to severer trials, I could bear to see him *pilloried* like Finnerty; and, in process of time, I may not repine although he be *hung* and *beheaded* like Sir F. B.'s *arm-in-arm favourite*, Despard.

I am, dear Mr. Satirist, your's,

A BURDETTITE'S WIFE.

CAMPBELL'S GERTRUDE AND THE REVIEWERS.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to observe the injustice and partiality which influence the decisions of reviewers, we had flattered ourselves that with respect to Mr. Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming all difference of opinion would be precluded by the positive defects of the poem. We were therefore both surprised and mortified on discovering that two journals of principles and prejudices so opposite as the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, had conspired to exalt the reputation of Mr. Campbell above that of every contemporary writer, and to eulogize the poem, which we had declared to be a worthless work, as one of the most admirable productions of English literature!

On a careful revisal of our own critique, and an impartial examination of what the advocates of Mr. Campbell have been able to advance in his defence, we see no reason to retract our sentence. We are still of opinion that the poem is below mediocrity, that without the higher qualities of pathos or sublimity it is deficient in the secondary requisites of correctness and elegance; that its descriptive passages are mere versifications of the worst parts of Ashe and Liancourt; that its fable is uninterest-

ing, imperfect, and obscure; and that its language and diction are inelegant, pedantic, and ungrammatical. Of these imperfections and deformities we gave several instances in the progress of our criticism; that some of them are "flagrant, and undeniable" is confessed by the author's advocates, and that they are much too frequent to be either insignificant, or excusable in a poem of so inconsiderable a length, the reader may be easily convinced on a candid reference to the volume.

Had we no other reason to suspect the eulogies of the Edinburgh Review we should distrust them on account of their extravagance. On a casual glance at some of their observations, as we turned over the pages of the Review, we imagined that they were speaking of Homer or Shakespeare. To suppose that the critic could really feel the sentiments that he expresses, is to suppose him to be deficient in every requisite of his office, and as we are certain that he would rather be detested for want of honesty, than pitied for want of talent, we shall so far compliment him as to believe that in this instance at least, he has not expressed his real sentiments, and that he has for once permitted his virtue and his judgment to be overpowered by his partiality.

The absurdity of Mr. Jeffery's remarks is only surpassed by the singularity of his manner. Four pages of what he seems to have intended for metaphorical disquisition are employed to inform us that the vulgar are more easily captivated by the glow of ostentation than by the milder lustre of real excellence. This important discovery is not hazarded, however, without considerable hesitation. Conscious of its novelty and profundity, he does not venture to announce it without a true confession of the difficulties that attended its progress, and the objections by which it may be opposed. He diffides (to use the simple and forcible language of

the great object of his idolatry, Mr. Fox,) he diffides in his own sagacity, and defers to the judgment of his reader. *To doubt* is one of the most important employments of a true philosopher; *to doubt when we are certain*, is the peculiar prerogative of a northern critic. The dogmas of the Edinburgh reviewers are at once enunciated with the confidence of absolute infallibility, and the timidity of conscious imperfection. Whenever a thing is asserted, so true as to be beyond the power of contradiction, and so plain as to be self-evident to the most cursory examiner, the superior modesty and acuteness of these northern luminaries of the world of literature are strikingly exemplified. *We think* that two and two are four—*it is probable* that black is not green—*upon a little consideration it will probably appear*, that a man when he is walking puts one leg before the other—*it seems* that Mr. Jeffrey is not Dr. Johnson—*perhaps* a physician gives no advice without a fee, and *it may be suspected* that a shadow has no solidity—are expressions which, however ingenious or extraordinary they may appear, are rivalled or excelled in almost every page of the Edinburgh Review.

After informing us that Gertrude is "of the pitch of the Castle of Indolence, and the finer parts of Spenser," we are told that "if the true tone of nature be not every where maintained it never gives place to affectation, and, least of all to affectation of singularity or rudeness." Now without presuming to inquire how there can be any degree of affectation less than no affectation at all, let us examine how far this assertion is supported by a casual reference to the poem.

"His face the wand'rer *hid*, but could not hide
A tear, a smile upon his cheek that *dwell*,
And speak, mysterious stranger, Gertrude cried
It is, it is, I knew—I knew him well;
'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell!"

It is rather extraordinary, by the bye, that notwithstanding *she knew him well*, she should have seen his approach, and accompanied him home without surprise or agitation, and still more extraordinary how he contrived to hide *his face*, and yet display the *smile and tear that* DWELT *thereon.*

" *Turn not from me thy breath*, more exquisite,
Than odours cast on heaven's own shrine—to *please*,
Yet who in love's own presence, would devote,
To *death those gentle throats* that wake the spring."

" And many a halcyon day he liv'd to see,
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his *mutual heart*, but she
Was gone, and Gertrude *clomb* a widow'd father's knee."

Mem. Mutual heart, according to the Edinburgh Reviewers, means *wife*.

" Adieu, sweet *scion* of the rising *sun*."

——— A sweet remembrance bring
Of what thy *gentle* people *did* befall.

" Who taught these sires of empire yet to be
To plant *the tree of life*, to plant fair freedom's tree !"
&c. &c. &c. &c.

That these extracts are affected will not be denied; in singularity they are surpassed by many other passages, and they are not more distinguished for obscurity or incorrectness, than almost every line and stanza of the tale.

Conscious of the imperfections of Mr. Campbell's fable, they venture to assure us that in a poem of this kind the fable is of very little consequence! This, we believe, is an assertion that few of our readers will be inclined to

credit. We should not have blamed Mr. Campbell for making his poem purely descriptive, but having once attempted to interest us by a fable, we had a right to expect that it should at least be more classical and entertaining than the burden of a Smithfield-ballad. But we are told that the story is short and simple; if by the simplicity of a story they mean any thing more than its *brevity*, the epithet is in this place incorrect—they themselves acknowledge that the story has greater blanks in it than would be tolerated even in lyric poetry. Its shortness cannot be disputed. The fable is so inartificially constructed as to leave little to be explained, and the incidents so few as leave still less to be related. Of "the feeling and tenderness of the whole delineation," and the "delicacy with which all the subordinate parts are made subservient to the general effect," we must confess that we have not been able to discover the smallest indication. The reviewers themselves are obliged to qualify these praises by observations of a nature almost directly opposite. It would scarcely be suspected by a reader unacquainted with the mysteries of criticism, that a poem of which "the pathos never gives place to affectation,"—of which the most striking qualities are "feeling and tenderness," and of which "the story is short and simple," should be "obscure and imperfect" in its narration, "constrained and obscure" in its diction, and "written in language so obscure and imperfect as to destroy all appearance of nature in the sentiment." What can be fairer than to suppose that of opinions so contradictory the first was the effusion of partiality, and the last an unwilling tribute to truth and decency. The censures of the Edinburgh Review are almost verbatim the same as those of the *Satirist*; they are utterly inconsistent with their praises, and we have therefore in their own confession a

corroboration of our sentence as delightful as it was unexpected.

That "certain fastidious timidity by which the natural boldness and force of his ideas are habitually checked," has more resemblance to the drudging scrupulosity of a hackney versifier, than to the laudable distrust, or ambitious diligence of a *poet*. There is no instance on the records of literature in which an attention to the minor graces of composition has repressed the fervor, or debilitated the energy of real genius. Before it can be admitted that correctness and elegance are inconsistent with the higher requisites of poetical excellence, it must first be rendered probable that the writers who have been distinguished for those qualities alone would have compensated for the want of them by those of a superior order. The first MSS. of Pope are as inferior to his corrected transcripts in vigour of conception, and force of sentiment, as in the secondary qualities of correctness and harmony. Milton is as much superior to every modern poet in sublimity of thought as in all the arts of metrical modulation, and the most laboured productions of Dryden are likewise the most animated. The frigid correctness of a Stewart, or a Hayley, does not prove that elaboration has paralyzed his strength, or obscured his brilliance, but with the requisite portion of skill and industry he was deficient in those more splendid, and more animating powers, which alone can elevate the productions of the poet above the frigid compilations of the skilful versifier.

If it be really true that Mr. Campbell's faults are the faults of elaboration, and that he has bestowed upon his poem an attention not only unnecessary but injurious, to what are we to ascribe the imperfections of his fable, or the impurities of his language? It might have been expected of a writer so laborious, that his "story" should

be neither obscure nor imperfect, and his language neither inelegant nor ungrammatical. Either his poem has been laboured with fastidious timidity, or it has not: if *it has* he is deficient in ability, for his labour has not succeeded: if *it has not*, the author is still deficient in ability, for his faults are not the faults of fastidious timidity. Such are the absurdities into which a man of more courage than talent, of more vanity than prudence, and of more impudence than principle, may be easily entangled. We exhort Mr. Campbell, the next time that he forms an engagement of a nature like the present, to chuse some more able advocate than Mr. Jeffery.

That the poem has been diligently laboured is sufficiently obvious, but it is equally evident that it has been laboured unsuccessfully. The *gentle* reader must be very *gentle* indeed who can endure to read such lines as "Of what thy *gentle* people *did* befall"—"To stay the strife that seldom might befall." (Might for did,) &c. &c. Few will understand, and still fewer will approve the division of the preposition *into*;

> "And *in*—the buskin'd hunters of the deer,
> *To* Albert's home with shout and cymbol throng."

The construction of the lines "And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime,"—"*Save but* in transatlantic story *rung*," plainly implies what the author did not mean, that war and crime *rung* in Wyoming through the medium of transatlantic story. "And fields that *were* a luxury to roam," is awkward and ungrammatical, and

> "Roll on ye days of raptured influence, shine!
> Nor, blind with extasies celestial fire,
> Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire,"

is confessed by the Reviewers themselves to be unintelligible.

These, and innumerable other deformities are evidently the result of a strange and inadmissible rule of composition which has been long a favourite with the minor order of versifiers. Mr. Campbell seems to imagine that all liberties of construction which enable him to manufacture a well-poised line, or a sounding stanza, are not only innocent but laudable. Every beauty of thought and diction is sacrificed to modulation. Grammar is violated, language is perverted, and all congruity of sentiment, or justice of description disregarded, merely that the stanza may have its due succession of syllables, and its regular alternation of rhymes. It is true that after all these sacrifices he sometimes fails to attain his object, but this is rather the fault of his ability than his system.

His principal fault is want of variety. His manner is as uniform as it is unpleasing. The same sentiment is always expressed by the same words, and his command of language is so limited, and his form of expression so unvaried, that every successive stanza appears to be an unconscious plagiarism from those which preceded it. We do not remember any poem of which the vocabulary would be so scanty in comparison with its length. He writes with as much embarrassment and uniformity as if the language were unequal to his conceptions, or so limited in its compass as to confine him to the mere variation of his phrases. We question whether a poem as copious in its diction, and as happy in its expression, might not be manufactured out of Captain Cooke's vocabulary of the language of Otaheite.

His descriptive passages, as we before observed, have nothing of the vividness or justice of actual observation, and his bursts of passion are vapid and lifeless. He seems

to have warmed his imagination with the beauties of American scenery, and the Arcadian innocence of transatlantic manners. What he felt so ardently he of course imagined that it was easy to describe; but his toil and anxiety have only rendered his poverty of expression, and his deficiency and pathos and delicacy more evident and more ridiculous. His descriptions are either copied from books, and then they are prosaic, or they are the creations of his own fancy, and they are then absurd or unintelligible. He talks, it is true, of the flamingo, the squirrel on his nut-brown tree, and the merry mockbird, but so does Weld and Winterbottom; and as Mr. Campbell does not elevate or adorn the simple narrative of either of these travellers by the poetical association of sentiment with imagery, we feel no more partiality for his imitations than for his original efforts. His bursts of passion are so feebly and awkwardly elicited, that we feel as little interested by the sentiments and feelings of his characters as by their history.

BUBBLES.

MR. SATIRIST,

Whether nations are subject to periodical fits of insanity, and if so, at what distance of time the periods recur, and how far they may be influenced by the aspect or conjunction of malign or benignant planets, you, who go deep into things, and explore the inmost secrets of nature and of science, may perhaps know, but I pretend not to determine. Yet in looking back into the history of former

times, any one must be struck with the resemblance, which events of other centuries, and personages long since mouldered in the tomb, bear to the passing occurrences and ephemeral characters of the present day. The reader sometimes scarcely knows whether he should consider the historian as a mere recorder of facts, or as a prophet foreseeing things to come. This remarkable coincidence, indeed, might lead some to think, that by the laws of nature every thing proceeds, as it were, in a circle; like the figures in a raree-show, where, after he has gone through his set, the show-man begins again with the same gawdy figure, which he first exhibited.

A century has not yet elapsed since this country was made the prey of a set of abandoned speculators, who by means of various projects contrived to rob the infatuated people of their money, and almost of their senses. The principal of these nefarious projects, and the most fatal and extensive in its effects, was the SOUTH-SEA scheme; a deep-laid system of fraud and robbery, in which some of the first personages in the kingdom were convicted of having participated. It is impossible to read the account given by historians of this transaction and others of a similar nature, and not to perceive that the various projects which are now daily offered to the public originate in the same motives, and must have the same termination: and it is not easy to determine which is the great object of wonder, the audacity of the projector, who attempts to delude the public with arts that have already been exposed, or the credulity of that public, which has profited so little by fatal experience. Will it be believed by those, who make the slightest observation on what is passing around them, and who have at all considered the nature of those BUBBLES against which, you, MR. SATIRIST, have so happily directed the force of

your ridicule, will it be believed that the following passages relate to the beginning of the last century? "This was the age," says Smollett in his history of the reign of GEORGE I. "of interested projects inspired by a venal spirit of adventure; the natural consequence of that avarice, fraud, and profligacy, which the monied corporations had introduced. This, of all others, is the most unfavourable æra for an historian. A reader of sentiment and imagination cannot be entertained or interested by a dry detail of such transactions as admit of no warmth, no colouring, no embellishment; a detail which serves only to exhibit an animated picture of tasteless vice, and mean degeneracy."

The SOUTH-SEA scheme was projected by Sir John Blunt, who had been bred a scrivener, and was possessed of all the cunning, plausibility, and boldness requisite for such an undertaking. He proposed his plan, in the name of the South-Sea company, of which he was a director, and whose proceedings he entirely governed, to the chancellor of the exchequer and one of the secretaries of state, who, foreseeing their own private advantage in the execution of the design, adopted the project.

The scheme, as soon as it was made public, produced a kind of national delirium. And yet it promised no commercial advantage of any consequence. "It was buoyed up," says the historian, "by nothing but the folly and rapaciousness of individuals, which became so blind and extravagant, that Blunt, with moderate talents, was able to impose upon the whole nation, and make tools of the other directors, to serve his own purposes, and those of a few associates. When this projector found that the South-Sea stock did not rise according to his expectation, he circulated a report, that Gibraltar and Port Mahon would be exchanged for some places in Peru; by

which means the English trade to the South-sea would be protected and enlarged. This rumour, diffused by his emissaries, acted like a contagion. In five days the directors opened their books for a subscription of one million at the rate of three hundred pounds for every hundred pounds capital. Persons of all ranks crowded to the house in such a manner, that the first subscription exceeded two millions of original stock. In a few days this stock advanced to three hundred and forty pounds; and the subscriptions were sold for double the price of the first payment. Without entering into a detail of the proceedings, or explaining the scandalous arts that were practised to enhance the value of the stock, and decoy the unwary, we shall only observe, that by the promise of prodigious dividends, and other infamous arts, the stock was raised to 1000; and the whole nation infected with the spirit of stock-jobbing to an astonishing degree. All distinctions of party, religion, sex, characters, and circumstance, were swallowed up in this universal concern, or in some such pecuniary project. Exchange-alley was filled with a strange concourse of statesmen and clergymen, churchmen and dissenters, whigs and tories, physicians, lawyers, tradesmen, and even multitudes of females. All other professions and employments were utterly neglected; and the people's attention wholly engrossed by this and other chimerical schemes, which were known by the denomination of BUBBLES. New companies started up every day, under the countenance of the prime nobility. The Prince of Wales was constituted governor of the Welsh copper company; the Duke of Chandois appeared at the head of the York-building company: the Duke of Bridgewater formed a third for building houses in London and Westminster. About a hundred such schemes were projected and put in execution, to the ruin

of many thousands. The sums proposed to be raised by these expedients amounted to three hundred millions sterling, which exceeded the value of all the lands in England. The nation was so intoxicated with the spirit of adventure, that people became a prey to the grossest delusion. An obscure projector pretending to have found a very advantageous scheme, *which, however, he did not explain,* published proposals for a subscription, in which he promised, that in one month the particulars of his project should be disclosed. In the mean time he declared that every person paying two guineas, should be entitled to a subscription for one hundred pounds, which would produce that sum yearly. In one forenoon this adventurer received a thousand of these subscriptions, and in the evening set out for another kingdom."

They who are too much blinded by their own cupidity, and the dazzling visions, the *ignes fatui* which interested jugglers display before their eyes, to perceive in this description the features which characterize the projects of the present day, may yet be sufficiently alive to their own interest to be warned by the fatal consequences, which attended the credulity of their forefathers. Let them know on what a precipice they stand, and then, if they chuse to grasp at shadows, and tumbling head long are dashed to pieces, on their own heads only will lie the blame. You, MR. SATIRIST, who have assumed the office of public censor, and who have already dragged forth so many pests and leeches of society to public scorn and detestation, will have done your duty.

" At length," continues the historian, " the great BUBBLE burst. The flood of eager avidity and extravagant hope had risen to the highest pitch: the ebb of this portentous tide was so violent, that it bore down every thing in its way; and an infinite number of families wer esver-

whelmed with ruin. Public credit sustained a terrible shock: the nation was thrown into a dangerous ferment; and nothing was heard but the ravings of grief, disappointment, and despair."

The manners of the time, as painted by the same historian, render the resemblance of these BUBBLES to those of our modern projectors still more alarming, since the description is so exact and true a portrait of the present state of society: and therefore there is reason to think, that there exists the same folly to be imposed on, and the same knavish disposition to convert that folly to advantage.

"During the infatuation produced by these infamous schemes," says the historian, "luxury, vice, and profligacy increased to a shocking degree of extravagance. The adventurers, intoxicated by their imaginary wealth, pampered themselves with the rarest dainties, and the most expensive wines that could be imported; they purchased the most sumptuous furniture, equipage, and apparel, though without taste or discernment: they indulged their criminal passions to the most scandalous excess: their discourse was the language of pride, insolence, and the most ridiculous ostentation: they affected to scoff at religion and morality, and even to set heaven at defiance. The Earl of Nottingham complained, in the house of lords of the growth of atheism, profaneness, and immorality; and a bill was brought in for suppressing blasphemy and profaneness. One of the lords who supported the bill, said, he verily believed the present calamity occasioned by the South-Sea project, was a judgment of God on the blasphemy and profaneness of the nation; on which Lord Onslow observed, that the noble lord then must be a great sinner, for he had lost considerably by the South-sea scheme."

But whether these BUBBLES were the cause or effect of the immorality of the times, their pernicious influence is sufficiently apparent to induce every lover of his fellow-countrymen to attempt the exposure of their emptiness and delusion whenever they appear. This you may do, MR. SATIRIST; your breath may dissipate them, your hand may crush them. While petty rogues suffer, let not the wholesale plunderers wear the cloak of honesty. Let the BUBBLE-MONGER be known for what he is.

A PLAIN-DEALER.

June 12th, 1809.

SPECIMEN OF MODERN BIOGRAPHY.

To those who take any interest in the reputation and glory of their native country, it must be highly gratifying to observe how numerous are the illustrious persons, who are now found worthy to be enrolled in the ranks of fame; and whose memoirs are thought fit to be published for the instruction and amusement of posterity. How little do Greece and Rome appear when compared in this respect with Great Britain! In all their days of greatness they produced not so many memorable men, at least not so many who have afforded materials for biographers, as have been discovered within the last ten years in England by those whose business it is to hunt out public characters, and compose their memoirs. Nor is it a little gratifying to learn, that there are so many public characters of whom the public knows nothing: that nation, indeed, may well hope for glorious immortality, where the lives and

sayings of braziers, biscuit-bakers,and hosiers are found as worthy to be recorded as those of heroes, patriots,and philosophers.

The following interesting life of Mr. Hezekiah Huggins, a celebrated epitaph-writer and barber, was intended to form part of a splendid volume, now preparing for the press,containing memoirs of eminent living English poets, but as he unfortunately happened to die about two months since, the proprietors of the work, after mature consideration, agreed to omit the memoir ; very justly concluding that a dead poet, whatever his merit might be, was no proper associate for *living* ones. But so invaluable a piece of biography must not be lost to the world : it will be found to be written in the most approved style and true modern spirit of biographical composition : abounding in interesting details and philosophic reflections, rising naturally out of the subject.

" Mr. Hezekiah Huggins was born at Yately, a pleasant village in Hampshire, on the south-east border of Berkshire, not far from Blackwater : so called, it is supposed, from a little stream which runs through it, and which having previously meandered through Bagshot Heath has acquired a blackish tinge fromthe colour ofthe soil; the soil of Bagshot Heath being, like that of most other heaths, black. No other cause at least is known for the name of the place, and the one assigned appears not improbable. It was either on the 19th or 20th of October, 1737, N.S. that Mr. Hezekiah Huggins first breathed the air of this world : but whether it was on the 19th or on the 20th, is a point which has given rise to much controversy among the most learned of the chronologists and antiquarians in that neighbourhood. There was one mode, indeed, of ascertaining the point, which, however, being obvious to common sense,it was natural for antiquarians and chro-

nologists to overlook. A simple reference to the almanack of 1737 would have decided the matter at once, but it would have cut short all argument. For though the precise day of the month was forgotten, it is perfectly certain that Hezekiah was born on a Saturday, his father, who was a celebrated astrologer, having foretold that he would be born on a Saturday, being a lucky day; and the circumstance was the more particularly remembered, because it was the only one of his predictions which was ever fulfilled. Indeed some, who were envious of the reputation he acquired by this proof of his divining powers, went so far as to say that he hurried his good dame into premature parturition, lest if she should have gone over one Saturday, Hezekiah might have made his appearance before the next, and given the lie to his calculations.

"Though no pains have been spared to collect every particular on so interesting a subject, it is to be lamented that no certain documents remain for us relative to the first nine months of Mr. Hezekiah Huggins's life. It is well known, that a very eminent musician would cry, when in swaddling clothes, if an instrument was played out of tune: and many other instances are on record of an equally early display of the natural inclination of the genius; any one of them sufficient of itself to overthrow Mr. Locke's preposterous system respecting the absence of innate ideas, so revolting to reason and derogatory to human nature. It would have been, no doubt, interesting to have traced the progress of such a genius as Mr. Hezekiah Huggins's from its earliest dawn to its meridian brightness: but for want of precise information on the subject, it must always remain a matter of pleasing speculation with the philosopher, whether in the first nine months of his life, he gave any indications of those peculiar talents, which afterwards distinguished him, or merely sucked, cried, and slept like common children.

"When he was ten months old Hezekiah began to run alone; and then it was that his genius by most unequivocal signs discovered its bent. His father to his astrological acquirement united the tonsoric science, and is still celebrated in the neighbourhood of Yately, as having been the first man, who introduced, in that part of the country, the shaving brush for the purpose of lathering the beard; so much more convenient and agreeable both to the operator and the person shaved, than the old practice of beating up the lather with the fingers in a pewter bason, and daubing the soapy fingers over the face. But he was besides a practitioner in medicine and surgery, and, for a great number of years, sexton and grave-digger of the parish: and it generally happened that they, who had recourse to his assistance in one capacity, had occasion to employ him in the other. As his habitation was close by the church-yard, he might be said to live in the midst of his business; and this circumstance, no doubt in a great measure, contributed to form and cultivate the genius of his son Hezekiah.

"His home being so close to the church-yard, young Huggins could no sooner go alone than he was permitted by his mother, whom he ever regarded with the most affectionate duty, to run about there as he pleased, and tumble among the graves, while she was busied in her domestic occupations. It is remarked that he never seemed so well pleased as at these times, and that he would frequently cry when his mother came to take him away; indeed, it was the favourite play-ground of all the young children who lived near.

"The most remarkable circumstance, however, of Mr. Hezekiah Huggins's infantile history, and the one which demands in a most peculiar manner our admiration and attention, remains yet to be told. It demands our atten-

tion more especially as establishing a point from which not only many pleasing deductions respecting the precocity of genius may be drawn, but from which we may, with greater certainty and assurance, follow up the still more important and interesting inquiry as to the period when the sentient faculty first begins to exercise itself. It is a known and well authenticated fact then, that the first articulate sound which Mr. Hezekiah Huggins uttered was *poom, poom*, or as some say *toom, toom.** The difference in the account is not material, since it is the sentiment and not the correct articulation of it which is the object of consideration. It is natural, indeed, that there should be some slight variation in the account of a circumstance, which, at the time it occurred, was most probably unnoticed, and was recalled to recollection only by succeeding events; and the truth of the fact may be, therefore, considered as still more firmly established by this very contradiction. But whether it were *poom* or *toom*, those who marked the growth of Mr. Hezekiah Huggins's genius very naturally inferred, that when he uttered those sounds, he was then, though an infant, meditating on *tombs*; and, if he could have articulated his ideas, would most probably then have given birth to his maiden epitaph. That by the imperfection of human organization he was denied that power, must ever remain a subject of regret with the lovers of the curiosities of literature.

"As Mr. Hezekiah Huggins advanced in years, the church-yard still continued to be his favourite place of amusement. To understand one anecdote, which is preserved, of his boy-hood, it will be necessary to describe the peculiar form of the monuments, if they may be so called,

* Vide Mr. Walter Scott's Marmion, notes.

in Yately church-yard. These are not, as in some other places, tombs enclosing several coffins, nor large stones bearing inscriptions placed at the head of the grave: stone being a scarce article in that part of the country and very difficult to be procured. But at each end of the grave there is driven into the ground a small square pillar of wood, about two feet high, generally terminating in a point. These support a plain broad board, on which the epitaph is inscribed. It is the kind of monument, indeed, which is to be seen in most village church-yards. Upon these, instead of a broomstick as other children, would Mr. Hezekiah Huggins mount, and assume the tones and the action of a horseman; so that, even at that age, monuments might be said to have been his *hobby-horse*.

"As many of the happiest discoveries in science have been made by mere accident, so the brightest genius has frequently lain concealed under a dull outside till accident has called its powers into action; like the spark which slumbers in the flint till elicited by the steel. From the age of six Mr. Hezekiah Huggins had been regularly sent to a day-school kept by an old dame, who had, for a space of fifty years and more, instructed the whole parish in the knowledge of letters; yet, notwithstanding the experience in the art of teaching, which from this long course of practice she must have acquired, Mr. Hezekiah Huggins made scarcely any progress in literature under her tuition. At the end of two years schooling he could not get through the horn-book, without committing nearly twenty blunders. His father, who was fond of letters, it may be well imagined, was much mortified at this apparent dullness in his son, as he had long indulged the ambitious hope of qualifying him for the office of clerk of the parish. One day then, when he was rumi-

nating on the subject in a very grave humour, being then digging a grave for one of his parishioners, he asked his son Hezekiah, who was taking his accustomed ride on his hobby-horse, if he could read the letters on the monument which he bestrode. The boy instantly got down, and, to the joy and amazement of the father, not only read every letter without the least mistake, but afterwards spelled and formed them into words, reading the whole nearly as well as he could have done himself. The father, wild with wonder, dropped his spade and pick-axe, and, leaping from the grave, caught his son in his arms, and ran home with him to communicate the astonishing intelligence to his wife. They returned with their son to the church-yard, and tried his skill on other monuments, all of which he read with equal facility. From this time he no longer went to the old school mistress, but prosecuted his studies in his favourite place of amusement; getting every day a monument by heart, till at length he had the whole church-yard in his head.

"With such immense stores of acquired knowledge, animated by innate genius, Mr. Hezekiah Huggins was enabled to rise to that distinguished eminence as an epitaphical poet, which few, if any, have reached, and none have surpassed. His first essay, as being the foundation of his future fame, is still preserved with almost religious reverence. It was written on the death of a favourite *cat*, and gave glorious promise of future excellence. It was as follows:

Here lies poor Tom!
Toll the bell—Bim! Bom!

What a picture is here presented to the imagination by a few simple touches from the hand of a master! The name of the object mourned, the grief of the mourner so

forcibly expressed by the tender addition of *poor*,—then the solemn incident of the bell, nay the very sound of it conveyed most distinctly to the mind by the syllables *Bim*, *Bom*, and all comprised in two lines! But the beauties of this exquisite epitaph must be felt too intimately by every lover of poetry to require the least illustration.

"From this time the fame of Mr. Hezekiah Huggins, who was then about sixteen, and assisted his father in shaving Saturday customers, spread rapidly; and he was frequently applied to by his neighbours to furnish epitaphs on such of their relations as happened to want them; and owing to the *medical skill* and practice of his father he was seldom without a subject for the exercise of his genius. The following are two of his earlier compositions, and will serve to shew how much meaning he compressed into a small space: so that it may justly be said of him, that he united Spartan brevity with Attic elegance. As his orthography, of which he had formed a system for himself from his studies amongst the village monuments, is singularly characteristic, it has been faithfully observed in the following transcripts:

Heer lys Jon Hawkyns tournd toe dusst,
Hee dyed in peas—*hys wyfe dyed fust.*

Hear lys the laste ov Zachry Coote—
Hee wass a god *shoo*maker and fathir to *boote.*

"Before Mr. Hezekiah Huggins had directed the powers of his genius to the cultivation of epitaphial poetry, the favourite inscription on the monuments of Yately church-yard was,

Affliction sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till death did please to give me ease,
And free me from my pain.

And this without any variation, whether the subject died of a plethora or consumption. So striking an absurdity could not escape the observation of a judgment so correct and taste so delicate as that of Mr. Hezekiah Huggins. In his own compositions, therefore, he studiously avoided this defect, and from the specimen subjoined it will be seen how careful he was to particularize the disease and the immediate cause of death, observing with the greatest nicety the *natural order* of events.

Hear rests Jon Noakes. I haf endid mie lyf
When i wass ould I toke mee a wief.
i hadde thee colik, and munnie besyd,
Mie wyfe scent forr *the doctorr* and *then* i dyed.

"But he had not yet even reached that perfection, which he afterwards attained. By a long course of study and the most intense application, directed by consummate talent, he at length invented a form of epitaph, which with the alteration of a single word, would suit all cases. This was as follows:

"Larn awl thatt cum mi grave to se,
"How featel the —— was to mee.

"The blank had only to be filled up with whatever disease the person might have died of, whether fever, gout, dropsy, or *the doctor*, and the epitaph was complete. Indeed, this form, as might have been expected, obtained such general favour, that in Yately church-yard no other kind of epitaph is now in use. That on Mr Hezekiah Huggins himself, with which we shall conclude our memoir of this very distinguished character, is in the same form, and specifies the cause of his death.

Awl yow thatt cum mie grafe toe se,
How featell *stude muchrheums* wass to mee.*

* *Stewed mushrooms* killed this extraordinary man.

ELEMENTS OF POLITICS.

No. VI.

In our last lecture we briefly elucidated the nature and tendency of simple and compound motions, as affected by geometrical principles, there are however many motions yet to be analysed, whose principles are *unknown* quantities, and require the assistance of a little political algebra in order to bring them to a determinate equation. Of these, some are *surds*, and many are *ab-surds* and indeterminate; others are in the class of *adfected* equations, which have been defined as *above quadratics*, and therefore in their solution, " the best way is to take the *nearest root* of the equation." We have indeed attempted to pursue several of these through their involutions, but found them always so much *above quadratics*, as neither to square with common sense or patriotism, though they have been capable of being raised to *any power* by private interest, at the same time after tracing them through all the mazes of political evolution, we have always found that *self* was the *nearest root*.

" After this manner," as it is laid down by some of the old mathematicians, " all the possible and *impossible* roots of any equation, may " be easily discovered, any one of its roots being found," &c. now though *impossibilities* are mere trifles with the algebraist of numbers, yet they may require some little elucidation in the algebra of politics, we shall therefore illustrate this important lemma, by a few contra positions.

For instance; when a man acknowledges, and boasts

that he was once impressed with revolutionary principles, but on being convinced of their infamy and danger, became a loyalist on principle, and yet is proud of denying all that he has already said, and not only relapses into his *earliest* principles, but even associates with those whom he had stigmatised as too infamous to be countenanced by society; we may then allow that under some of these impressions, a *true conviction* was *possible*, nor do we indeed believe a *true conviction* to be *impossible* in the *present case*, if he once attempts to put in *practice* what he seems so anxious about in *theory*; such a *conviction*, however, it is to be hoped, may be followed up by his *concluding* motions, which, like his Hampshire resolutions, will of course be *in a string!*

In such a system of tergiversation, of clamorous positiveness, unqualified assertion, and unblushing denial, it is *possible* that he may once have been in earnest or wished to appear so; it is *possible* that he may have been loyal from principle, until disappointed ambition, and the hopes of *extending his sale*, have induced him to promulgate very different opinions, but in all these steps of his political involutions, we find that *self* was the nearest root, and therefore, that loyalty, honesty, consistency, and patriotism, as roots, were *impossible.*

If we hear another oppose every political measure of both friends and foes; if we hear him bellow for peace, even whilst for the sake of his own consistency he is obliged to confess it is right that we should assist another nation in carrying on a war; if we hear him urge that *one* nation should be supported against the usurpation of a tyrant, and that *another* should be deserted, because *he* thinks she chose an improper time for resistance; if we hear him loud in the cause of humanity, and of the poor, whilst we know that he is getting rich, by supplying that poor

with a necessary of life, "scientifically" adulterated;* if we find him support a party whilst out, and oppose that party when in, because some of them thought a *coronet* totally unnecessary to a brewer: we may believe it *possible* that he was possessed, by the spirit of *modern* patriotism, yet still that *self* was the *nearest root*, and that sound sense, real benevolence, or the true *amor patriæ*, as *roots*, were *impossible*.

After this slight analysis of possible and impossible roots, we shall proceed to the solution of some general problems, as hinted at in our last lecture.

Problem 1.

How to encourage domestic enemies.

Proclaim yourself, on all occasions, the friend and defender of *injured innocence*; I mean of those *political innocents*, or *innocent politicians*, who may be smarting under the rude lash of the laws of society. In this case you are to go beyond the mere humanity of English law, which considers every man innocent *until* he is found guilty, you are to consider him always innocent *after* conviction, and therefore suffering under a *cruel tyranny*. Of course if a petition is presented to you for your support you must patronize it, you must argue on its principles and propose its acceptance. Should it however be proved false in its allegations, false in its points of complaint, impudent in its form, as making a *petition* the vehicle of political falsehood, and intended for no other purpose than to bring contempt on juries, and detestation on judges, you may *then* state it to be the petition, *not* of the father, but of the son! and modestly request leave to withdraw it, in order to present a *true* one.

* Vide a certain speech in support of *public* brewers.

In the further solution of this problem, you must represent every check on the licentiousness of political adventurers, as a restriction on the liberty of the subject; you must elevate the democrats of the Robin Hood, and of the Crown and Anchor, to a level with the Russels, the Hampdens, the Sydneys of past times; and you must be careful to remember that every prison is a Bastile, and that mutineers, libellers, and convicted felons are the true objects of political philanthropy.

Problem 2.

How to depress public spirit.

You must be prepared to *chronicle* all sinister events in the morning, and call unto your assistance some needy *Statesman* in the evening; you are then ready to doubt of all successes, if not yet confirmed, and to gloss them over, as trifles if they cannot be denied; you must always believe the Moniteur in preference to the London Gazette; you must at one time praise the spirit and skill of officers, if they are of your own party, and depreciate the character of their humbler companions in arms; you may then calumniate *every other officer* in the service, particularly if he is in parliament, and endeavour to gain the good will of the soldiery by a well-timed condolence for their hardships and privations; you must be wilfully blind to every blessing which your country possesses, either of actual good, or of freedom from actual evil, but where you have sagacity enough to find out a flaw, or to see it when pointed out to you, all your ingenuity must then be employed to torture, twist, and distort it so, that your objections will be really *unanswerable*. Above all things, represent the existing government as imbecile and inefficient; on them lay the blame of every sinister event, unless it happens to proceed from the igno-

rance, or culpable dereliction of national honour in *one of your own party*; when *that* happens your plan is *to be silent.*

PROBLEM 3.

How to compose a *Register* of one sheet.

Though this problem is connected with "Literary Politics," yet as *political registers* seldom contain any thing but the effusions of "Political Oratory," it is the more deserving of a place here.

Being pretty secure of your customers, you may write a letter to the independent people of some county, so *elegantly* drawn up, that although nobody can tell what it is about, yet every body will understand it. Talk of reform, *praise* yourself as being more than mortal; tell the *poor man*, that he is overburdened with taxes, yet ask him 'to buy your Book' which will cost him twice as much as his *week's taxes.* To this add sufficient extracts from the parliamentary debates, from the Morning Chronicle, and your Register of one sheet will be complete.—N. B. Charge *double* the price of a daily paper.

PROBLEM 4.

How to compose a Register of two sheets.

Having finished *one* sheet, the other is easily filled: collect a few old proclamations from the papers of the week, insert a puff for your own voluminous compilation, and charge *two* shillings!!! Don't do this *too often*; but always after it *is* done, talk of your *political* honesty, and *disinterested* patriotism.

PROBLEM 5.

How to lay an information.

Here you must begin as follows "Be it known and remembered that Thomas Hague, *gentleman*," though

perhaps it never was *known*, and most certainly cannot be *remembered* when the said Thomas Hague possessed any claims to such a title; I need not remind you that it is unnecessary to insert "common informer," for that you have learnt already; being the *great* Tom yourself, you must then be provided with *little* Tom or *Tomkin*, as we say Lambkin, &c. when we mean any thing that looks *very little*. You must then buy your books *to send to America*, at a time that all trade with America is stopped, and though the business is *black*, yet your partner's name must be *Brown*; which you may as well write down lest *you forget it*, in your hurry to get through the *Alley*.*

Your plan thus laid, you have merely to look for some statute which *contains a penalty*.

Problem 6.

In our next number, we shall not only show the shortest and easiest method of reviling monarchs, perplexing ministers, &c. but shall also trace the whole progress of *political transmigration* from the low worm, through the various stages, until it bursts forth to open day a gaudy butterfly, pursuing its airy flight through the political atmosphere.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Sir,

When any man, who fills an exalted situation in the

* See Proceedings on Hague's information against Tipper, wherein Hague's brother-in-law, Tomkin's *veracity*, is admirably displayed in his ingenious cross-examination by Mr. Alley.

country, degrades himself by holding communication with the infamous, his conduct justly becomes the subject of public animadversion and reproach. I, Sir, am one of those old fashioned personages who are contented with *the present establishment* political and religious, I submit cheerfully to the burdens which the exigencies of the state require, because I am convinced that unless much be sacrificed the whole will be lost—and am not only willing that the servants of the sovereign and the people should be amply remunerated for their service but anxious that they should be *respected*: it is this anxiety which occasions me to trouble you with a brief epistle. You have been elected to an office which when its nature and duties are considered must be deemed one of the most important in the united kingdom.

The *Speaker of the House of Commons* should be a man not only of the most inflexible honesty and rigid impartiality, but also of consummate wisdom and the most unshakable fortitude. Your claim to the two first qualifications I shall not dispute. You must, however, permit me to doubt both your prudence and intrepidity, for you have recently given a convincing proof that you are miserably deficient in one or both of these virtues.

How far it was wise in you to speak disrespectfully of a majority of that House which had chosen you their Speaker, or even to speak at all at such a time and on so delicate a subject, I shall not presume to inquire: but, Sir, am I to attribute to vanity or fear the circumstance of your having sent a copy of your speech on Mr. Curwen's bill, in your *own hand writing*, to the degraded and infamous William Cobbett? Did you foolishly hope to obtain the admiration of the public, or did you pusillanimously dread the attacks of a miscreant who was at the very moment writhing under all the agonies of detected villainy?

Was it becoming your dignity as *Speaker of the House of Commons* to hold any kind of correspondence with a convicted *apostate*, *false witness*, and *deserter*? Nay not only to correspond with him, but voluntarily to submit your public conduct to his examination, and tacitly solicit his blasting praise?

That Mr. Wardle, Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Folkstone thus disgrace themselves, neither excites surprize nor regret; *their* plans require iniquitous instruments, but I sincerely hope this is not the case with regard to Mr. Abbott.

I have, Sir, the honor to be,

Your very obedient servant,

PATRICIUS.

THE WHIPS!!!

Sunt quos CURRICULO pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat!

Horace to Mæcenas.

Surge, TANDEM, carnifex!

Mæcenas to Augustus.

Ruunt, tritumque relinquunt
QUADRIJUGI spatium!

Ovid on the fall of a—PHAETON.

MR. SATIRIST.

In the obituary of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1809, page 486, I read with no less sorrow than surprize the following very afflictive article of intelligence: 24. "DIED at his house on Finchley common, Middlesex,

Robert Allan, Esq.;* a gentleman not *more* celebrated for *the expertness of his whip* than the excellence of his character. He caught so violent a cold, by sleeping in damp sheets at Epsom races, on the night of the 19th, as to occasion his death this day." I had not the honour to be intimately acquainted with the splendid virtues of the deceased, although I had frequently seen him *drive four in hand* in a coachman-like style; but merit of any kind is so very uncommon, now-a days, that I deem the latter elegant qualification far more than sufficient to entitle him to sincere and public regret, and to immortalize his illustrious memory in *The Sporting Calendar*, in common with those of other great men, who were once famous in their generation.

The love of notoriety is natural to the human mind. Allow me the truth of this position, Sir, and admit the passion to be abstractedly laudable, and I will not for one moment, doubt the possibility of my being able to convince you, (and every other gentleman of sense who assents to my premises,) that, in these latter days, the only chance for success in the pursuit of *notoriety* is to be *singular*, or in another word, *eccentric*.

There is nothing new under the sun: the Sabine bard has already told us, that

> "Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere: cadentque
> Quæ nunc sunt in honore;

and Allen, the tailor of Bond-street; Hoby, the shoemaker of St. James's; and Mrs. Clarke's *emperor of Morocco*, have given their modish customers the same interesting information at least ten thousand times. In the

* This unfortunate gentleman introduced among the blades of life and fashion *the Allan hat* now so much in vogue.

"*Oh! What a genius was in Allan lost!*"

genuine spirit of heart-felt vexation at finding many of his best observations forestalled by earlier critical scholars, the impetuous Scaliger indignantly broke forth, in these memorable words: "Pereant, qui ante nos nostra *dixère!*" In the self-same spirit, I have no doubt many and many a dashing hero of the present hour feels more than half inclined to exclaim, amidst his wildest freaks: "Pereant qui ante nos nostra *fecere!*"

What, but *the love of notoriety*, Mr. Satirist, could have induced the goat in the fable to get his phiz shaved? What, but THIS, could have made Dr. Parr adopt a monstrous buzz wig, and Dr. Bradley (of *terrible tractoration* note) lay down the bushy honour and content himself with his own black crop? What, but *this*, could have reconciled Gilbert Wakefield to a prison, Finnerty to a pillory, or Lord Folkstone to a *deserter*? What, but *this*, in short, could have led Mr. Tierney to challenge Mr. Pitt, Mr. Paull to challenge Sir Francis Burdett, or Belcher to challenge the Game Chicken? In all these *notorious* instances,

"Vicit amor FAMÆ, laudumque immensa cupido."

Aye, Sir, and I will not hesitate to bet the long odds that, if the *ci-devant* Lady Godfrey Webster, Lady Boringdon, Lady Elgin, Lady Charlotte Wellesley, were fairly put to their oaths in a court of justice, *and obliged to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, they would *unâ voce* confess, that their several *faux pas* resulted not so much from the love of their seducers as from the love of fame.

Whatever levellers and democratic reformers may think proper to give out, Mr. Satirist, there undoubtedly does exist, (as it were *innate*,) in the minds of most of our patrician youths, a proud consciousness of hereditary superiority; there exists also, a consequential thirst for popular

applause, an ardent "longing after immortality,"* an almost irresistible desire

volitare per ora virûm.

They are not, now, content to repose under the laurels of their mighty forefathers. No, Sir; they must signalize their own talents, somehow or other; they must plant groves of their own. But, alas! two impediments stare them in the face, *in limine*; viz. 1st. priority of occupation, and 2dly, an unpropitious education: by the former they are unluckily precluded from the choice of *originality* in honourable enterprise, by the latter they are unhappily incapacitated for the discharge of even decent *imitation* in the beaten paths of glory. I obviously mention the fact, not as a matter of blame, but as a plea of exculpation. *Deficiunt vires*; or to use the language of Macpherson, "*the soul of Oscar is brave, but where is now the arm of Fingal?*"

Sorry, indeed, am I to observe, Mr. Satirist, that the science of THE WHIPS is no new accomplishment or invention. Sir John Lade (of whose fall from his airy vehicle the papers have made much sport, by stating that he *providentially* fell upon his *head*,) is yet alive: and the writer, who has the honour to address you in this letter, was at Weymouth full twenty years ago, when Sir Harry Harper used *to drive four in hand* on the sands, at low water, every evening, with such judgment and dexterity, and at so furious a rate of velocity, performing such innumerable evolutions as can, I think, never be exceeded by Captain Webster of Brighton, nor by any member of the constellation of THE WHIPS.

In a very curious little book, which was reprinted in the year 1751, I lately met with the portait of "*a jemmy fel-*

* Addison's Cato.

low," and I willingly transcribe it in this place, for the benefit of Lord Hawke, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Harrison, &c. &c. in short of all *whom it may concern.*

" He always appeared in the morning in a Newmarket frock, decorated with a great number of red, green or blue capes; he wore a short bob wig, neat buck-skin breeches, white silk stockings, and carried a cane switch in his hand. He kept a high phaeton chaise, and four bay cattle; a stable of hunters, and a pack of hounds in the country. The reputation of driving a set of horses with skill, he esteemed the greatest character in human life, and thought himself seated on the very pinnacle of glory, when he was mounted on a coach-box at a horse race.—Though he was a little man, and not very healthy in his constitution, he desired to be thought capable of going through any fatigue, and was continually laying wagers of the journies he could perform in a day," &c. &c. &c.

We are all acquainted, more or less, with Lord Henry Petty's wonderful talent for dancing through the intricate mazes of a financial labyrinth; and I fancy it is now no secret that his head and his heels harmonize in the strictest sympathy. Lord Erskine's amazing forensic agility, when a younger man, in dancing the hays through difficult causes in our courts of judicature, and footing it with Mr. Garrow, has been repeatedly admired; and I hope the grace and sprightliness of his movements on " the light fantastic toe," when Lord High Chancellor of England, will never, *never* be forgotten. Why then, let me ask you, may not a similarly close connection (although unperceived or disregarded) exist between chariot-driving and state government? Anecdotes, remarkably coincident, are reported of Noll Cromwell, and Nap. Buonaparte; about their *driving four-in hand,* and experiencing Sir John Lade's disaster: nevertheless, both the English and

the French *Jehus* will be handed down by history as no mean political WHIPS. When "ALL THE TALENTS," were in power, they proved sad bunglers in the glorious art. Out of place, indeed, they were looked upon as adepts, and talked very glibly about matters; as how *they* would whisk it away with a light finger, up hill and down dale, were they employed: but, alas! when they were actually taken into service and fairly seated on the box, they soon shewed that they knew not how to proceed safely on a broad, plain, and level road. They drew in and pulled up, at a most important crisis, when great expedition was necessary; and they *fanned away hey-go-mad,* till they ran foul of a *cross*, and almost upset the carriage *at a turning*, in open noon-day, without condescending to pay the least token of regard to their gracious master's *orders* or *check-string*. They were dismissed, after this *misconduct*, of course.

If you reflect a little upon the plainest expressions and terms employed in politics, you cannot but feel convinced, Mr. Satirist, of the *metaphorical* application, at least, of the study and science of THE ART OF COACHMANSHIP. What is so common as to hear people say, "Mr. Canning *holds the reins* of government with a steady hand?" or again, "Sir Francis Burdett's faction, and the wrecks of the Foxite party are endeavouring to *clog the wheels* of administration?" I hope, Sir, I have said enough to satisfy you that the loss of Robert Allan, Esq. is a national misfortune, that his honourable mention in Mr. Urban's pages was *comme il faut*, and that in vain may Buonaparte aim at out-stripping us in the race of glory, whilst we can boast of the rising wisdom and vigour of the WHIPS!!!

I remain, with encreased esteem, Mr. Satirist,

Your sincere friend, &c.

MUSÆUS.

MADAME CATALANI AND MR. TAYLOR.

NEVER was the public press more thoroughly debased than by the warfare of these two persons. For more than a month past the columns of our newspapers have been crouded with paragraphs and epistles on the subject of Madame Catalani's having refused to sing for the benefit of the Middlesex Hospital; which refusal has been most wilfully and maliciously misrepresented by the disappointed manager of the Opera-house: from whom, in conjunction with the proprietor of a certain fashionable *institution, all* the illiberal insinuations which have been published against her are *known* to have proceeded.

We are no more the advocates of Madame Catalani than we should be of Miss Taylor, if we were convinced that the popular indignation had been unjustly excited against her. We should be unworthy our office if we suffered *any* unoffending female to become, through the machinations of her private enemies, the victim of public prejudice. Our anxiety that the real source of that abuse which has been directed against Madame Catalani should be generally known, has been considerably increased by the many erroneous reports on the subject which have been circulated: some of which falsely insinuated that the principal person concerned in this disgraceful business was a rival songstress—but those who believe that the lady alluded to could be guilty of such disgraceful artifice, must be totally ignorant of her character. It has been observed that splendid abilities are seldom united with an envious and jealous disposition, and never was the truth of this observation more clearly illustrated than by the example of Mrs. Billington, whose good nature and liberality are commensurate with her exquisite talents. Nor

is Madame Catalani her inferior in those amiable qualities; they are two brilliant planets in the same hemisphere, moving in different orbits, and can neither injure nor eclipse each other.

Can there be a person silly enough to believe that Madame Catalani would be so blind to her *own interest* as to refuse her professional assistance to a public charity, acquainted as she now is with the temper of the English, unless compelled to do so? The fact is, that she stated the circumstances which precluded her singing for the Middlesex Hospital, and *at the same time* requested that her name might beput on the list of subscribers for *twenty guineas.* Messrs. Taylor and G. thought her *refusal* would furnish them with an admirable opportunity of revenging themselves upon her for having left them in the lurch, and engaged herself to Mr. Harris, and therefore published an exaggerated account of the circumstance, carefully concealing the fact of her having offered a liberal donation to the charity; and we have reason to believe that their malicious endeavours have not been wholly unsuccessful. Perhaps there is no foreigner who has contributed so much to charitable institutions as Madame Catalani. We *know* of donations to the amount of *several hundred pounds,* which have been presented by her to various hospitals within these two years; and shall the malicious attempts of two disappointed and exasperated managers injure her fortune, and destroy her reputation? Forbid it justice!!! We again solemnly protest that we are by no means interested in this disgusting dispute, and are only anxious that the innocent may not be ruined by private malice or public prejudice.

Whether the engaging of foreigners at our English theatres be a proper or a prudent measure, is a fair subject for *liberal* discussion: but it should always be recollected that Mr. Harris must, by so doing, have had in view the

gratification of the public, from which his own interest is inseparable: and that many will now have the opportunity of witnessing Madame Catalani's extraordinary powers for one shilling, who could not have afforded to pay *five* for that gratification. We have heard with indignation, that the members of the Committee who happened to be present when Madame Catalani sent her promised donation, on the motion of a man well known to be the staunch friend of her enemies, *refused to accept* it. The Argyle Institution *Manager* was present at the time, and appeared much gratified by this decision. *Pretty stewards* these! We trust their names will be published that the real patrons of the Middlesex Hospital may know the mean-spirited wretches who had the audacity to gratify the petty revenge of a paltry cabal by robbing that institution of *twenty guineas.* Are the interests of public charities thus to be sported with. Oh Shame! Shame! Shame!

HINTS TO AMBASSADORS.

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signors!" 'tis with the profoundest awe that I attempt to set my foot on diplomatic ground; or, jostling through the forms and ceremonies in which you are intrenched, that I shall venture to peep behind that curtain, under the shade of whose mystic veil you have, like Fate herself, so long held the balance of power.

As objects seen through obscurity seem more sublime, it may be right that you should involve your heads in a cloud of terms, whose ambiguity, and high sounding, should alike stun and bewilder a plain inquirer; and it

may be equally politic, that your terms if not as *fleeting* as the air itself, should yet be as capable of compression and expansion.

In common life an IF has been equally serviceable to *cause*, or to patch up a quarrel; and your *status quo* has been alike *in utrumque paratus* on the tapis of political contention. Your plan is therefore always to make your propositions in terms so ambiguous, that although your opponents may keep you to those terms, you still shall have the power of changing your *meaning*, as often as you please.

Should you, however, meet with an opponent of any genius, you must then bewilder him with note upon note of half a dozen folios each, in which the undersigned shall take every opportunity of expressing his high consideration, &c. This if it does not *convince*, will at least *confound*, and its efficacy is further proved by that little animal, the cuttle-fish, who when afraid of being taken, scatters a quantity of *ink* (with which indulgent nature has furnished him,) upon the surface of the water and thus escapes from his pursuers.

That there are two roads to every place is not less true in the political, than in the natural world. One straight forward, the other round about; it is your part to chuse the latter, as, if necessary, you can alter your route, or even go back again, without any person knowing your primary object in view. This will ensure secresy to your views, and nobody can say you went wrong, when they know not where you were going to. Now that we speak of secresy, a hint on *that* subject may not be amiss. *E parvis magna crescunt*, therefore by concealing trifles, you may hope to involve important affairs in obscurity; of course you will be prepared *never* to give a direct answer, and if asked "what o'clock it is," you will say *in a whisper* "that you are rather dubious."

This must be attended to by your charge d'affaires, secretary, porter, &c. I recollect once, *when I was not so wise as I am now*, having the simplicity to ask a secretary about the departure of a messenger, adding that I wished to transmit a letter by that conveyance; his answer was so completely *diplomatic*, that I shall give it to you as a model for these occasions.

"Sir, I cannot say that a messenger will proceed, nor indeed am I justified in saying that he will not proceed. Should he proceed, I am not prepared to say he cannot take charge of your letter, nor am I duly authorised to promise that he will take charge of it, in case he should proceed. But if you will leave your letter, and the messenger should proceed, and it should be compatible with the contingent events that he should take charge of your letter, your letter shall be sent; if it should not be compatible to take charge of your letter, your letter cannot be given to him in charge. In that case, your letter cannot be forwarded, &c. &c. &c. In short, Sir, it is quite uncertain whether a messenger will go or not."

This may serve for a short specimen to be adapted to *the contingent circumstances.*

As celerity, in some of your movements, is perfectly compatible with delay in others, you are on your first appointment, to hasten your *business* at the treasury; this saves time, and if a change of ministry should postpone your departure, you can *lose nothing* by it—besides it shews the heads of departments, how anxious you are to make a good beginning.

When you set off, if you forget to carry your *instructions*, 'tis of no consequence—What are the messengers for? It also shews your anxiety to forward the object of your mission, when you could not wait to take them with you; —and when you arrive at your place of destination, should they be in a hurry to see your *full powers*, in hopes of

humbugging you,—why then you have a very good excuse for not producing them.

Should your opponents ask you, "What you want"—be careful not to tell them, even if you know yourself—but as, to prevent discovery,* it is possible that the *head of your department* may even keep *you* in the dark, it is your part as a clever diplomatist, to ask them "what they mean to grant," then interpret their answer in the most favourable sense possible, but be careful not to ask *too many* questions about it, lest you should unfortunately understand each other.

Should you be accredited to a power with whom we are at peace, you will then have piping times of it; be careful however to keep your messengers employed, dispatches about trifles will mark your attention to great objects; and in order to have your mission talked about, you may ride through the streets of the capital like a merry Andrew, whilst your secretary is fagging at his portfolio.

Should the court retire to the country, and return in a hurry, let it be instantly known; never stop to enquire whether a change of ministry, or a change of weather, is the cause of it. Let your conduct be modelled on that of one of our wise ministers at the Spanish court in the time of James the first, who in his dispatches augured some great and portentous change in politics, from one of the young Infantas, who had lately been married, setting off on a visit like a dutiful daughter to visit her mother-in-law; or of *another*, who, we are told, when at the old court of France, always wrote home, when his most Christian majesty thought it necessary to perform the part of an honest pains-taking man and a *Christian*, by sleeping in state with his wife! It may be your lot to be

* Vide some late negociations, somewhere between *Paris* and *Yarmouth*.

sent to a country where it is at least as much your own interest as your country's to preserve good terms; in that case you need not be scrupulously backward at conciliation. Should you be authorised to concede, on mutual concession, *your* part is easy, *you* have only to yield *every thing*, and trust to their honour for a return; perhaps your *good friends* may crow at your concessions, and even insult your master, *n'importe*, you have *exchanged notes*, and it must be left to somebody with less complaisance to make them *change* their's. But here I must stop, the subject is *too* prolific; for the present, accept the sentiments of high consideration, with which I am most diplomatically the undersigned.

CROP THE CONJUROR.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

COLONEL Wardle has been praised by the *Times* and other prostituted newspapers, for his great industry and perseverance in procuring information and data from the different public offices. Now we happen to know the means by which he obtained them, without any industry or perseverance whatever; but what will our readers think of his generosity and honor, when we inform them that he refused to pay the gentleman who performed this laborious business, and that in consequence, an action was actually commenced against him.—Col. W. still persisted in his refusal, and the gentleman was asked—"If he thought *any jury* would give a verdict against such a *popular character* as the Colonel? !!!" However, (we suppose, lest a jury *might* be found *dishonest* or *dishonorable* enough to regard their *oaths* more than their admiration of this *wonderful patriot*), the money has since been paid.

TO LORD ERSKINE ON HIS ANTI-BRUTALITY BILL.

My Lord I'm inform'd, what you fain wou'd have done
In favor of *asses*, was meant for your son,
Now to guard our own progeny meet is,
And therefore 'twas fit that your new fangled law
In favor of *asses* that carry or *draw*
Should extend to the *ass* that *draws—treaties.*

Our readers will doubtless be surprised that we have not noticed CORBETT's miserable *defence* in our present number. Our only motive for neglecting to do so was an assurance, which has been made to us, that the miscreant's falsehoods will be completely refuted in a pamphlet that will shortly be published by THE GHOST of CAPTAIN POWELL, which we shall review in our next.

We understand that retainers against us have just been offered to two eminent counsel, who are generally retained for *the Satirist*, by *Jeane Louis Marie Haussalier Trieste*, the notorious gambler; it appears, that after *five months'* consideration this *accomplished* character has resolved to vindicate his *reputation*, (poor man!) not by an action, in which we might be permitted to *justify*, but by an *indictment*.—Probably *Jeane Marie* forgets that we shall still, if necessary, be enabled to state certain *facts* on *affidavits*, and that we may move the proceedings into the Court of King's Bench by *certiorari*. We pledge ourselves to astonish both him and the Court.

Since writing the article relative to Madame Catalani and the Middlesex Hospital we have received information that her donation has been again offered and *accepted*.

It is with regret that we are compelled to postpone our Notorious Fashionable Characters till our next Number, in which we hope to present our readers with some information of a nature so extraordinary and interesting, that if we succeed in obtaining it we shall print *several thousand* extra copies to accommodate the public.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

Lady Jane Gray, a Poem; in two Books, with miscellaneous Poems in English and Latin. By Francis Hodgson, A.M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and Author of a Translation of Juvenal. Mackinlay, London. 1 Vol. 8vo. 1809.

We have so often had occasion to lament the disregard for honest fame, and the insensibility to public kindness, which distinguish the present generation of professional authors, that we are afraid lest our readers should ascribe the uniformity of our censures to moroseness of disposition rather than to the continual recurrence of provocation. The only object which appears to influence a successful writer of the present day, is to render the public partiality subservient to his personal emolument. The favour of the literary world is no longer valued as an honourable testimony to the learning or genius of its possessor, but as a certain recommendation to the purchasers of copy-rights. Much of this preference of gain to reputation may be ascribed to the fickleness or injustice of the public. Its praise is too capricious to be permanent, and too indiscriminate to be valuable. A writer acquainted with the

uncertainty of popular favour, will naturally wish to turn it to the best advantage while it lasts, and as it does not require much sagacity to discover that, in the conflicts of literary rivals, the praise is not always to the virtuous, nor the victory to the able, it will not be surprizing if he should be tempted to consider as justifiable any means of accomplishing his purpose which may afford him a reasonable prospect of ultimate success.

After the unqualified approbation which we bestowed on Mr. Hodgson's translations of Juvenal we shall scarcely be suspected of any undue prejudice towards his person, or his writings. We know him to be a gentleman of considerable learning, of unblemished morals, and great respectability—his Juvenal gave sufficient evidence of the correctness of his taste, and the elegance of his language, and the circumstances which attended its appearance were such as induced us to hope that he felt a proper degree of respect for the public opinion, and of anxiety for his own reputation. It is with great reluctance therefore that we feel ourselves obliged to declare that the present publication has by no means tended to confirm these pleasing prepossessions. It displays much vanity, much impertinence, and very little poetical ability. His reverence for the public, and his diffidence of his own abilities have either totally evaporated, or have yielded to the superior influence of more mercenary feelings. He seems to have regarded the progress of his Juvenal merely as it might affect his future bargains with the booksellers, and now that his reputation has been gratified, he seizes the opportunity to dispose of all the trash that he has collected in his portfolio. All his love-sick sonnets, his school-boy exercises, and his college fragments, are raked together with a diligence that proves the author, if he did suppose that they were worthy of the public eye, to be the vainest of man-

kind, and, if he did not, one of the most impudent of book-makers.

We have seldom been more astonished than by the following passage, which we believe to be perfectly unique.

"To reward my reader for that patience on which I have trespassed, and shall still trespass by transcribing extracts from school exercises, and other poems, I fear, equally boyish without the excuse of boyhood, I will give them here a very few and short *(how elegant!)* compositions by an early contemporary of mine."

It is plain from this passage that Mr. Hodgson must suppose his juvenile poems to have been superior to the productions of other school-boys, as to be worthy of public admiration, or that he wilfully and knowingly "trespasses on the patience of the public." In either case his confession must be considered as a deplorable instance of human vanity, or a most impudent avowal of the art of book-making. If he really does fear that the other poems are equally boyish (and we confess that his fears are just), why does he publish them? He cannot be compelled to this disgraceful and incautious proceeding by indigence, for we believe that the revenues of King's College are in a very flourishing state. We see nothing in these *school exercises* that is better, and many things that are worse than the usual productions of the fourth form of Eton or Westminster. Nothing but the merit of his Juvenal could have excused their publication, and even that will not excuse the note by which they are accompanied.

His preface is principally devoted to the reviewers, against whom he displays more anger than justice, and more vanity than wit. We are as little partial to many of the journals that he mentions as himself, but we think that

a man of common modesty or prudence would have considered the praises of the Edinburgh reviewers as more worthy of gratitude, than their censure of resentment. Mr. Hodgson, however, is unwilling to thank them for their approbation of his poetry, because they have displayed much unpolished rudeness to his notes. Against *them*, therefore, he breathes out his indignation in strains which we cannot compliment either for vivacity or spirit. The other critics are far from being neglected, "not that they may expect the *honour* of individual execration, but that they may enjoy a share, should they live long enough, in some comprehensive sentence."

The first and principal poem contains an account of the imprisonment and execution of LADY JANE GRAY. It contains some passages of considerable elegance, many of the lines are skilfully modulated, and the general effect is not unpleasing. But it has few of the higher qualities of poetry; there is nothing that can impress the memory or affect the feelings; the versification is too often languid and effeminate, and the narrative is in no respect superior to the unvarnished relation of contemporary historians. The reader proceeds to the end of his task without either pleasure or disgust, neither anxious to arrive at its conclusion, nor sorry when it is completed. The following verses are above the usual level of his flight:

"Thro' these low grounds of sorrow, toil, and strife,
As runs the troubled stream of human life,
Why should the poor laborious crowd repine,
For wealth, for honour, lovely Jane were thine?
Yet my sad tale exemplifies in thee,
How equal are our shares of misery,
Or in the highest or the humblest lot,
The king's proud palace, or the straw-roof'd cot!
And oft secure the peasant's lowly state
From storms that shake the fortune of the great;

Storms such as cast thy youthful beauty down,
Unwilling wearer of a fatal crown.

"No critic art shall regulate the line,
That mourns the sufferings of a life like thine,
No settled forms, and precedents of verse,
With cold design thy cruel wrongs rehearse,
Paint thee immured in Julius' haughty tower,
Then sighing turn to Broadgate's happier bower,
View thee at first the pale, the captive queen,
Then the bright maid in safety's transient scene;
The simple story of thy fate shall flow,
In its own channel of increasing woe;
For soon, alas! while pitying gazers mourn,
Bearing thee down to death's eternal bourne."

We beg leave to ask whether the last of these couplets really proves, in the opinion of Mr. H. that he *does* "possess" that simple talent "which friends applaud, and enemies confess,"

"That single talent, of a well-turn'd line?"

The "*English Miscellanies*" are a strange collection of amatory, and other poems, which none but Mr. Hodgson's friends and mistresses would have read, and none but Mr. Hodgson himself would have had the vanity to publish. The second of these pieces, however, is *beautifully expressive.*

"Yes, on thy brow that smile shall dwell,
And charm the sense of pain,
Till —— may thy bosom augur well,
Dear friends embrace again."

Who does not admire the expressive abruptness of the hiatus after *till,* or the pathetic simplicity of the concluding line?

Another of these pieces is entitled, "The first Hope of Love. It concludes with a hope that the lady will not blush "though called by him his darling wife;" and contains the following stanza, which those who understand it will perhaps admire.

"Oh! be thou constant as I'll ever be,
Let the sweet promise spur me to the goal;
And as I toil, the thought I toil for thee,
Shall raise fresh ardour in my drooping soul."

On "a faux-pas at a ball," he has propitiated his mistress by two pieces *equally* pretty, and *equally* classical; we would willingly extract the last of them, that our readers might compare it with some of the worst productions of Lord Byron, but its length precludes us from inserting any more than the following stanzas:

"Oh! open your heart sweet Harriet to me,
But let me not see it in sorrow,
Or to-day if a cloud robs the rogue of its glee,
Oh let the sun chase it to-morrow.
You're the daughter of April, and April should wear
A face oft irradiate with brightness,
And her figure just freed from the winter of care,
Should exult on the sandals of lightness;
Then come let us dare tho' I tremble 'tis true, &c.

* * * * * *

Then avert these fond eyes when we utter adieu
And suppress every sigh in your *bosom*,
Oh! no, on my neck trickle fast the fond dew,
And my heart feel thy sighs and *compose them*."

Gentle reader! do you understand it? If you do you will no doubt perceive the propriety of calling upon the sun *to chase a cloud that robs a heart of glee*, and the beauty

of personifying April as a lady just free from the *winter of care,* (an old fashioned article of apparel we suppose)exulting (quære *tripping*?) on the *sandals of lightness;* you will admire the delicacy of addressing a lady's heart with the tender epithet of *rogue,* and be able to determine, whether by the dew that he wishes to trickle down his neck he means his mistress's tears,or the *condensation of her breath.*

Upon the whole the present volume has given us a very unfavourable impression of Mr. Hodgson's talents for original composition. That he is a man of much learning, of more taste than is generally possessed by a resident Fellow,and of considerable powers of versification we are willing to allow, but those qualities are insufficient of themselves to elevate a writer above the level of a skilful parodist, or elegant translator. He seems to be totally deficient in the higher powers of feeling and imagination. The stream of his heroic verse glides along with a languid and equable modulation, which neither hurries the mind of the reader by the rapidity of its progress, nor disturbs him by the roughness of its surface. His shorter pieces display neither elegance nor vivacity; they are evidently the production of a man to whom sprightliness and gaiety are unnatural. If his mistress was even subjected to the labour of perusing any of the pieces which are honoured by her name, her subsequent inconstancy may be easily accounted for. That Mr. Hodgson will ever become, what he already fancies himself to be, a SECOND GIFFORD, we must be allowed the liberty of doubting. Without comparing their translations we would take the freedom of suggesting that his "*Gentle Alterative for the Reviewers*" has little chance of being mistaken for a second Baviad, that the cold, and lifeless imitations of Horace will scarcely be thought superior to Mr. Gifford's admirable version of "Otium divos rogat in

patenti, and that the prose style of that gentleman, nervous without pomposity, elegant without affectation, and terse without obscurity, has little resemblance to any of these abortive attempts at composition, with which we have been favoured by Mr. Hodgson.

We do not conceive that it is creditable either to his feelings or his judgment, that he expresses on all occasions a perfect contempt for the praise, or the advice of criticism. Whatever be the prejudices or the venality of reviewers, a total disregard to their opinions displays more perverseness than wisdom, and more arrogance than justice. A wise, a modest man, will derive advantage from the scurrility, or the folly of his enemies. The malicious sometimes disclose unpleasant truths, and the foolish may occasionally elicit an useful observation. We cannot help thinking, indeed, that much of Mr. Hodgson's indifference is affected. No man, says Dr. Johnson, thinks much of what he despises. If Mr. Hodgson really felt that dignified superiority to the attacks of criticism, that he affects, he would not suffer them so easily to ruffle the serenity of his temper. Between resentment for the past, and anticipation of the future his rage and terror are perfectly ludicrous. We exhort him to peruse *our* observations at least with calmness, and attention; we at least have no bookseller to serve, no rival to gratify.

Let him again appear in his proper character of a correct, and elegant translator; let him carefully avoid any mention of himself, any endeavours at elegance of prose, any attempts at humor, or vivacity; and we shall once more be glad to bestow upon him that approbation and encouragement which we shall uniformly, and stedfastly deny to the rapid and spiritless effusions of carelessness, misapplication, and malignity.

The Political Review and Monthly Register for April, 1809. Harlow, printed (*and edited*) by B. Flower, for M. Jones, 5, Newgate-street.

That the writer who pretends to deliver his opinions on the laws and constitution of his country, should first endeavour to understand them, and that nothing can be more absurd and reprehensible than for an uneducated individual to declaim with confidence on an abstruse and extensive subject, or to speak with familiarity and derision of all that the rest of mankind are accustomed to regard with affection or reverence, are maxims of which the infallibility would scarcely be suspected by those who derive their ideas of men and manners from any other source than actual observation. Yet such are the occasional abuses of that freedom which is the glory of every "true-born Englishman," that the three most necessary qualifications of a political writer of the present day are impudence, ignorance, and dishonesty. To degrade the great, to vilify the good, and to alarm the peaceable, are the regular employments of a modern journalist. The writer who administers to the malignity, the discontent, and the envy of the lower orders of the people, will always find admirers, and it is not wonderful therefore if the number of such literary profligates be much greater than that of the disinterested supporters of order, and "good government;" who have no other reward for their exertions than the consciousness of rectitude, nor any other claim to attention and applause than their intrinsic usefulness.

Of all the votaries of jacobinism the editor of the Political Review is perhaps the most impudent and persevering. The cause in which he was originally induced to

engage by interest, he has since been compelled to prosecute by the still more powerful stimulus of revenge. Possessed of but little learning, and very moderate abilities, he has contrived to alarm those by his violence whom he could not endanger by his strength; and to impose upon the lower class of his readers the vehemence of scurrility for the energy of conviction. Assisted by a club of patriotic taylors and philanthropic butchers, and patronized by a man belonging to the first of these classical and dignified professions, of the name of Musgrave, he was enabled to establish, during the fervor of national turbulence that succeeded the French revolution, a CAMBRIDGE NEWSPAPER. His career of falsehood and impudence was not, however, of very long duration. As he had no command of temper, and very little reverence for truth, he was not long able to elude the vigilance of offended justice. His designs were thwarted, and his iniquities punished with the immediate approbation of that *execrable* Pitt, whom he now abuses with so much candour and magnanimity. The cits of Cambridge, and the boors of Histon, at length became tired of his nonsense and his virulence, and he found himself compelled to relinquish his editorial labours, and to retire from the contempt and indignation of his fellow townsmen.

A man who has once enjoyed the huzzas of a pot-house club, and the acclamations of a revolutionary rabble, is not very likely to rest satisfied with the tranquil enjoyments of a country village, uncontaminated by the poison of jacobinism. In order to relieve the dull uniformity of his retirement, Mr. Flower employed a great part of the sum left him by a relation in the erection of a printing-press, from which he has sent into the world a considerable number of jacobin pamphlets, too stupid to be ren-

dered interesting to those for whom they were designed, even by their scurrility. At present he appears to devote his hours of leisure from domestic quarrels to the compilation of the Political Review; and though neither its sale nor its reputation are such as can gratify the vanity of its author, or alarm the friends of our political and religious establishments, yet we do not consider these circumstances as a sufficient reason for its being unnoticed. Of many attempts of this kind some must necessarily succeed, and but few will be deterred from trying the experiment, if it be once admitted that its failure is unattended with disgrace, and that falsehood and malignity are only criminal in proportion as they are successful. The object of literary as well as of juridical punishment is not so much to afflict or destroy the convicted offender, as to deter the innocent and the wavering from committing similar crimes.

That a man of narrow education and dubious character, without the learning of a scholar, or the respectability of a gentleman, ambitious of rising above the original level of his fortune, and stimulated by a desire to revenge those personal mortifications which he formerly experienced, should suffer his anger and his selfishness to hurry him beyond the common bounds of truth and decency, was naturally to be expected; but that a graduate of one of our universities, a gentleman of extensive learning, elevated above the vulgar herd of political mercenaries by the advantages of fortune and connection, and of a liberal disposition, should so far forget the respect due to his own character, or so far mistake the motives and intentions of Mr. Flower as to assist his designs by his abilities and influence, is both surprising, and deplorable. It is fortunate, however, that the danger which might be reasonably dreaded from Mr. Burdon's natural talents,

are almost entirely counteracted by his acquired peculiarities. His style is prolix, inelegant, and inaccurate, and his logic is neither ingenious nor convincing. Secluded for more than sixteen years of his life within the cloisters of a college, and confined for the greatest part of every year to a solitary habitation in the remotest corner of Northumberland, it is not surprising that he should be almost entirely ignorant of men and manners. Though he seldom entertains the same opinion, on any other subject than religion, for a week together, yet his decisions are always hazarded with a confidence that the meditation of years would scarcely justify. His irritability deprives him of every power of rational discussion, and his vanity betrays him into mistakes which even the gentle readers of the Political Review are neither too ignorant to observe, nor too good-natured to ridicule. For these reasons he has never been much a favourite of the public. His "*Materials for thinking*," fell still-born from the press, and his "*Life of Bonaparte*," assisted by all the arts of publication, and recommended by the popularity of the subject, is seldom read, and still less frequently admired. Unable to command the attention of the public by the intrinsic merit of his writings, he is now condemned to take his chance among the miscellaneous correspondence of vulgar magazines. His usual topics of discussion are the Christian religion, and the English constitution. On the latter subject we have been able to collect no fewer than *fifty-six* opinions that he has hazarded since the commencement of the year, but of the falsehood of Christianity his conviction since his resignation of his fellowship seems to have been uniform. It is strange that the coldness with which his productions have been received by the public, and the disrespect with

which he has been treated by many of the literary journals, have hitherto produced no other effect than that of stimulating him to still more outrageous trespasses on the patience and good sense of those who examine the pages of our monthly miscellanies in search of more profitable matter. His fortune, his talents, and his learning, are all sufficient to render him respectable in society and pleasing in conversation—it is only when he attempts to write that he makes himself ridiculous or contemptible.

Those speculations of Mr. Burdon which appear in the present number of the Political Review, are more remarkable however for their harmless absurdity than for their indecorum or malignity, but the effusions of the editor himself can only be exceeded in grossness and vulgarity by his previous libels in the Cambridge Journal. While he declaims with the utmost vehemence against the violence and indecency of Mr. Ponsonby, and the other members of opposition who opposed Lord Folkstone's motion for enquiry, he himself indulges in the language of abuse with a volubility and boldness that even the degraded author of the Political Register might envy and admire. The vulgarity of Billingsgate is purity itself when compared with the scurrility of Mr. Flower. We shall not pollute our pages, or disgust our readers by a repetition of epithets equally indecent and unjust; but it is necessary for the purposes of criticism, that we should enable them to form some idea of his meaning. The sum of his conclusions seems to be, that all public men who did not vote against the Duke of York are rogues and swindlers; that Lord Castlereagh is a villain, that ministers are despots; that all the members of the House of Commons who have existed for the last twenty years, have been the enemies of their country; that it is the

delight of every parliamentary representative to insult his constituents; that as soon as a man approaches the altar of St. Stephen's he becomes (unless he be a friend of Lord Folkstone, or Sir Francis) insensible to all the restraints of honesty and honour; and that all these inconveniences are the result of Mr. Pitt's abominable administration. He is, it is true, as liberal of his praise as of his censure. All these abuses might be remedied if Lord Folkstone were Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Francis Burdett Secretary for the home department, and he himself Lord Chancellor. These and other sentiments of the same kind, are illustrated in almost every preceding number of his work, and are very forcibly expressed in pages 62, 64, 65, 68, &c. &c. of the present one.

The great object of his malicious scurrility is WILLIAM PITT. Some men, if they had been placed in Mr. Flower's situation would have cautiously abstained from the mention of a name which only brings to our recollection the triumph of wisdom, firmness, and integrity, over the wickedness of designing demagogues, and the violence of democratic lunatics; but Mr. Flower has neither the magnanimity to forget his personal injuries, nor the ingenuity to conceal the workings of his revenge. His malice is rendered ineffectual by its own malignity, and when he wishes to calumniate the object of his hatred, he only excites the indignation of the reader against himself. Of his decency and candour the following passage is a striking illustration:

"On referring to some excellent speeches of the noble lord's (Grey) on the subject of a reform in parliament, when he was a member of the lower house, and an energetic, and eloquent opposer of a minister, the major part of whose life he justly described as forming one continued tissue of apostacy, we thought we perfectly understood Lord Grey, and that the reform for

which he was so distinguished a champion, consisted of two parts; a more frequent, and a more equal representation of the people; but when his lordship contends that this desirable object was the study of the last administration, and when he pledges his word that no man is more friendly to such an object than his noble friend, Lord Grenville, we confess that we feel some alarm lest Lord Grey should follow, at least in the present instance, the example of that UNPRINCIPLED APOSTATE, that SCOURGE and CURSE of HIS COUNTRY, and of EUROPE—WILLIAM PITT." P. 61.

Such is the language of a man who has passed many years of his life in refuting the "atrocious calumnies of a literary journal, and in preferring criminal informations for abusive language!" That the name of WILLIAM PITT should never be remembered by the adherents of sedition but with anguish and vexation; that his memory should be loaded with the calumnies of those whose plans of treason he detected, and whose crimes he punished; and that the weak, the malignant, and the cowardly, who felt while he was living the power of his genius, and the vigour of his resolution, should howl over his grave the melancholy chorus of exulting faction, is at once gratifying to his admirers, and more honourable to himself than all the other honours by which his virtues and his talents have been commemorated.

The preceding observations refer only to the "review of public affairs," which forms the leading article of the number. The rest of its pages are filled with the letter of Mr. Burdon, with a GARBLED and PERVERTED account of the last month's parliamentary debates, and the usual farrago of state-papers. It is in every respect the most contemptible monthly production that issues from the British press, and we have no doubt will soon share the fate of Mr. Flower's former undertakings.

Edwy and Elgiva, a Tale, with other Poems. By the Rev. Robert Bland, Author of the Four Slaves of Cythera. 8vo.

The Four Slaves of Cythera, a Romance. By the Rev. Robert Bland, Author of Edwy and Elgiva, and Sir Everard. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1809.

"Thus once of old when Dunstan's gloomy power
Seized pale ELGIVA in the nuptial bower,
Oh could I catch her late born minstrel's strain,
And as he mourns Elgiva, mourn for fame."

HODGSON.

"Turn thee awhile from follies, and from crimes,
To sweet remembrances of better times,
To HODGSON yield the bold indignant line,
The lute more tuneable to joy be thine."

BLAND.

Such are the reciprocations of civility between two writers whose names are scarcely known to the public but through the medium of their own advertisements, and whose private attachments, or enmities, are of as little importance to the world as the friendships of Doodle and Noodle, or the quarrels of Bombardinian and Chrononhotonthologos. There are few things so amusing as the simpering self-complaisance, and fidgeting pomposity with which the inferior retainers of literature interchange their mutual raptures of delight, and admiration. To judge from the passages we have quoted it might be concluded that Messrs. Bland and Hodgson were the two brightest luminaries of modern poetry, that they were the sole dispensers of literary fame, and swayed, like the kings of Brentford with divided or alternate empire, the throne of criticism.

But we are far from estimating Mr. Bland by the number of his puffs, or the meanness of his artifices. Wearied, and disgusted as we have been by his *pliability*, and his egotism, we have still some respect for his attainments, and some admiration for his poetical abilities. With much incorrectness and affectation, there are many passages of the volumes now before us which the critic may impartially admire for the vigor of their sentiments, the tenderness of their pathos, or the beauty of their versification. His defects are rather the consequence of depreciation of judgment than deficiency of talent, and are such, as, if he have the candor to attend to the advice of criticism, and the humility to confess that he is not entirely faultless, may be easily corrected.

As " the Four Slaves of Cythera," is the best, and the longest of these poems, and appears to have been published the last, we shall confine ourselves at present to an epitome of its story, and to a few observations on the general style of its versification.

Four Christian chieftains, of whom English Alfred is the most renowned for his virtues and atchievements, are captured on their return from Palestine by two Mahometan gallies, and conveyed as prisoners to the island of Cythera. The Turk to whose service they are condemned is a man of generous mind, immense riches, and of an indolent disposition. To while away the hours of slavery Alfred is accustomed to play upon his lute " *of ladies love, and glorious chivalry.*" As he was pacing towards evening behind the mansion of Hamet, he marked " a lattice open o'er his head," " from which descending by a silken thread a viol hung." Elated with hope he lingered in anxious expectation till the following evening, when the lattice was again opened, and the same lady conveyed to him by the same means " rich cates," and conserves,

a crisped ringlet of her hair, a taper, and a billet-doux, which informed him that on the morrow her father would take an excursion on the water in honour of her birth-day, and that he would be able to recognise her by her *darksome* hair, a lock of which should match the one in the casket. The next day Alfred was employed as a rower in the barge which bore along his lovely Zoraida and her father. Zoraida is protected by her accredited lover, Zulemah, an unwieldy idiot, aukward and ill-bred. This personage is pleased with Alfred's singing, and requests Zoraida that she will send him on the morrow to amuse him. She communicated his request to Alfred in the evening, and commands him at the same time to do his best to please Zulemah. He fails in his attempt, but returns with a present of a diamond for Zoraida, who receives it with rapture, informs him in what way to succeed more perfectly the next time, and expresses an intention to make the most of him. Alfred is shocked at her selfishness.

> "I'll think on thee no more, he said with pride,
> Nor thought, nor mused, nor dreamt of aught beside."

Thus ends Canto the first.

Canto 2d. After more unwilling visits to Zulemah, Zoraida at length informs him that the presents she has thus received have been accumulated for his ransom, and expresses her determination to share his fortunes. He replies that his father had left him in his youth on an expedition to the holy war, accompanied by his mother; that having heard no tidings of them since their departure, he had ten years before made a vow to wander through the earth till he should find them: that part of his task had been already accomplished, for that he had wept in Palestine over his father's tomb, and that he still must bear

"with hunger, cold, and heat," till he shall have fulfilled the remainder of his vow. Zoraida, however, persists in her resolution, and exhorts him to keep his intrigue a secret from his brother knights. In what manner they here past the hours of slavery will be best related by Mr. Bland himself.

"To every captive's cell, I now repair,
To sing, or haply say, how things went there,
'Tis said, tis sung, already by my fay,
Three words at most shall make it clear as day.

"Have ye not heard of Alfred's fate above,
A cell, a bower, a lady, and a love?
In him ye know what to the rest befell—
Each knight was destined to a separate cell,
And every cell a latticed bower o'erhung,
In every bower a lady blithe, and young,
And every lady with the close of light,
Held secret commune with her chosen knight;
And every knight to every maid profess'd
To keep the secret treasured in his breast,
Even to the brothers of his art unknown,
Devoutly guarded by themselves alone."

They are now all ransomed by Alfred, who claims no other return for his generosity than that they shall for one year be strictly and silently obedient to his will. While they, after having agreed with Alfred on a private signal, set sail for their respective homes, he disguises himself as a labourer, and is employed to work in Hamet's garden, where he remains unrecognized by any but Zoraida.

Cantos 3d and 4th. Alfred makes wonderful improvements in the garden, and is commanded by Hamet to call in other labourers to his assistance. He therefore summons by private signal the three liberated knights, Hu-

bert, Florio, and Sir Eglamour. Each lady recognizes her lover, but is prevented by spies from giving any token of her attachment. At length Hamet, who hears of Alfred's skill in music, demands him to play before his daughters. After relating many tales, one of which written in the octave stanza, is as far superior to Mr. Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming, in every requisite but modulation, as Dante and Ariosto are superior to Bland, he sings the following song, part of which we extract, on account of its connection with the story.

"My vessel is gallant, and smooth is the wave,
My crew and my comrades are faithful and brave,
Be to-morrow the day, and bright noon-tide the hour,
Then prepared for escape let us enter the bower;
And lest our departure thy father delay,
My art shall beguile him, and lead him away,
Then lady to fly if thy heart be resigned,
Leave a ring for a token revealing thy mind.

2.

"For scanty my finger shall stray o'er my lyre,
Ere a stranger shall enter, and baffle thy sire,
And raising his forehead, enseamed with a scar,
Shall rumour of tumult, and havoc of war,
With a tale of false import shall break his repose,
And lead him from home to encounter his foes.
Then lady to fly if thy heart be resigned,
Leave a ring for a token revealing thy mind.

3.

"Happy the youths, for each believed the song,
In truth could only to himself belong,
Happy the maids, for each to each unknown,
Believed the fate of Isabelle her own."

A ring is left by each of the ladies. Hamet of course,

ridicules the silly dotard thus easily imposed upon, and is outwitted the next day in the same manner. Alfred agrees with a penitent renegado called Mortaign to put peacefully for shore in a fishing smack, while the other three knights seize upon a galleot, and free the christian crew.

Cantos 5th and 6th.—Alfred having let drop some ambiguous expressions importing that that day should be a day of joy to one of them, each of the three knights applies it to himself, and assist Alfred to put the scheme mentioned in the song in execution. Hamet runs out to attack the Christians, and after much alarm, confusion, and surprize, by each of the sisters mistaking the others for spies upon her conduct, the three knights bear away their mistresses, and seize the galleot. Alfred runs off with Zoraida, but is intercepted on his way to Mortaign, by Zulemah, who had long watched his repeated visits to the renegado's cabin, and is cast by him into a dungeon in which his only solace is Zoraida's ring. The other knights observing that they are discovered put to sea, and Zoraida is restored to her father.

Canto 7th.—Hamet now searches for some prudent matron who might guard his daughter till her marriage with Zulemah, which is intended to take place immediately, while Zulemah himself, in order at once to enjoy the luxuries of love and revenge, decrees that Alfred and Mortaign shall be executed on the morning of his nuptials. Zoraida passes the evening preceding the appointed day in conversing with *Matilda*. At the name of Alfred she is etxremely agitated, and on the anxious entreaties of Zoraida relates her history. She informs her that she was an English lady, that her husband having been led by chivalry or curiosity into foreign lands, she had become the partner of his journey: that as they passed by the isle of Cythera on their return, they were persuaded by the

entreaties of a lady named Blanche to moor their bark, and "go on shore for ease." They erected their pavilion on the border of a creek, and passed the day in frolic and merriment.

"But when the dusky ev'ning 'gan to lower,
The men for wood-fowl to the thickets far'd,
And left but youthful Celmond for their guard."

Here as Matilda prest her daughter to her bosom, a haggard and ferocious form presented itself before her, and regardless of her struggles and screams tore away the infant, exclaiming as he retired,

"Say that Mortaign has seized his darling pride," &c.

On the return of the warriors the husband of Matilda,

"Silent and sullen look'd upon the land
As if some deed more savage yet he plann'd."

Fired with revenge he decoys to his bark a youth richly appareled, and sets sail with him for the shores of England—the name of this child was ALFRED. He wore appended to his neck a medallion engraved with mystic characters, which neither Alfred nor Matilda could decypher. De Courcy, the husband of Matilda, having in a moment of conviviality made a vow to proceed to Palestine a second time, he is again accompanied by his wife, who, previous to her departure took Alfred aside, and

"By the very silk with jewels strung,
Around his neck the same medallion hung;
And bade him wear it both in peace and strife,
Nor ever lose it but with loss of life."

De Courcy is slain in Palestine, and Matilda becomes a slave, and is purchased by Hamet.

As Matilda concludes the tale she gazes with affectionate regard on the features of Zoraida, and exclaims,

"Oh! when Zoraida on thy face I look,
Read as I am in sad misfortune's book,
Such dear delusions all my fancy fill,
I seem at once to lose the sense of ill.

"And when I trace that fearful eye again,
When the malignant, and accursed Mortaign
Came like a greedy kite, and from my breast
Tore my sweet infant as she lay at rest,
Thus had she grown, I think, to youthful grace,
And hence, with thee, I fill a daughter's place.

"Ah no! I dream, by misery rendered wild,
Yet gentle maid in fancy be my child;
For her whom nature gave she mark'd as mine,
For ever known by one unerring sign,
A little purple rose her hand impress'd," &c.

* * * * * *

"Matilda's joy I leave to those alone,
To tell in words, who feelingly have known,
When blushing now, now changed to deadly pale
She saw Zoraida drink the wondrous tale.
Till all o'erpower'd upon her neck she fell,
Her very child, her own lost Rosabelle."

Canto 10th. Hamet hears the story of Matilda, and commands Alfred and Mortaign to be brought before him. Alfred embraces his supposed mother, and Hamet by means of the medallion, which is only inscribed with moral precepts, recognizes Alfred for his long lost son! He relates the adventures of his youth, and declares that Zoraida is not his daughter, but an unknown infant conveyed by what means he knew not to the cradle of his deceased and youngest child, and named after her Zoraida. Mortaign now comes forward, and declares Zorai-

da to be the child whom he had torn from Matilda, at the request of Hamet's brother, to whose care the real Zoraida had been committed during the absence of her parents. While Zoraida is thus discovered to be the daughter of De Courcy, Alfred becomes the child of Hamet, and the brother of the three fair ladies, the dames of Hubert, Florio, and Sir Eglamour. These three knights arrive to solicit forgiveness, which is of course granted them. Zoraida changes her name to Rosabelle. Alfred and she are married, and Hamet is converted to christianity.

Such is the outline of the story, which is busy without confusion, and complicated without perplexity. Notwithstanding almost every successive incident is unexpected, every part of the fable bears an obvious, and necessary connection with the rest. The *denouement* is at once so ingenious as to baffle conjecture, and so natural as to appear rather the result of necessity than choice. The narrative is never tedious, or abrupt; the reader is hurried along at once smoothly and irresistibly, and feels at the conclusion of his course neither languor nor disappointment. His versification is sometimes lofty and sonorous, and sometimes simple and expressive. Whether considered as a combination of splendid, and 'pathetic passages, or as a regular, and concatenated story, there are few poems which will be more frequently read or more vividly remembered. But these excellences are almost counterbalanced in number and degree by its defects, an enumeration of which, together with some observations on his politics and miscellaneous poems, we must reluctantly defer to our next.

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

OPERA HOUSE.—Since our last there has been an immense importation of *live stock* for this theatre, of different sexes and descriptions, and we are happy to say there is one *male* who cannot fail to prove a very great acquisition. The figure of *Signor Tremazani* is commanding and elegant, his action is generally correct and graceful, and his voice is sweet and harmonious.—In point of taste and science he has been excelled by few Italians who have figured at the Opera House, although he certainly is not such a profound musician as Siboni.—Of the females, we are sorry to say, we cannot speak so favourably. Signora Calderini's voice and Signora Bianchi's *mouth* are very *extensive*, but there is not much *sweetness* in either. The latter lady cannot be of any possible use, but as she is an *appendage* to *Tremazani*, we imagine the managers supposed it would be prudent to engage her, lest she should prevent that gentleman from attending to his professional duties, by keeping him at home to perform those of a domestic nature.

We have observed with regret a degree of apathy in *Naldi's* recent performances, which we think borders upon *disrespect* to that public by whom he has been so liberally patronized; and beg leave to give him a friendly hint that we are not the only persons who have observed it, and that perhaps we may not be the only persons who will resent it. If he perseveres in singing in that slovenly manner which he has lately adopted, he will not fail to meet with his merited *reward*.

The HAYMARKET has produced nothing new except one or two pair of ladies *breeches.*

LYCEUM—This theatre has been opened by Mr. Arnold as an *English opera house.* We see no objection to this *plan*, although we cannot say much for the *execution*, which has, as yet, been displayed.—Mr. A. wishes to unite in his own person the two characters of manager and poet; all we can say is, that if he does not succeed better in the first than he has in the last, his speculation will not prove so attractive or profitable as that of his neighbour, Mr. Pidcock, of Exeter 'Change. The public will not be induced by newspaper puffs, and illiberal allusions to foreign performers to listen to the abominable nonsense of the *Smuggler's Cave.* We wish, as Mr. M. P. King, the composer, has copied all his best passages from more eminent musicians, that Mr. Arnold had condescended to borrow his plot and dialogue from more celebrated authors, for we greatly prefer ingenious plagiarism to original absurdity.

The company consists principally of a Mr. Phillips, a gentleman from Ireland, whose voice is good, but wants cultivation; Mr. Dowton, whose excellencies are too well known to require notice here; Mr. Horne, whom we have heard with more pleasure at private concerts; Mrs. Mountain, and Mrs. Bishop, who is, and ever will be neither better nor worse than when she first appeared as Miss Lyon. Though the upper tones of her voice are both powerful and sweet, she wants that innate musical genius which no instruction could give, even if she had never been the pupil of Mr. Corri.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.*

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites* !—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree* ?—POPE.

1. English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

" We understand this poem has already attained a large circulation ; a circumstance by no means surprising, when we consider its high seasoning of invective and sarcasm, its *humour* and *spirited versification*," &c.— Eclectic Review.

" We shall indulge our inclination with an extract from this *excellent* poem. We must express our satisfaction at this effusion

* The last number of the Edinburgh Review exhibits a prodigy ; it *actually notices* a volume of *sermons* !—and, what is still more, *praises* them. We congratulate the Edinburgh Reviewers on their *conversion* ; which, as extremes generally meet, will probably be, from the disgusting cant of infidelity to the more disgusting and pernicious cant of methodism. But what is the secret of this conversion, and how is it that *such* a work has found its way to *their* notice and recommendation ? Why truly the author is a *Scotchman* : at least the book is published at *Edinburgh*. This it is, which has procured admission into their journal, for an article which, considered as a piece of *criticism*, would disgrace the fag-end of the Eclectic Review. The first extract that it gives is announced in this *new* and *ingenious* manner, " it is *but fair*, however, that Mr. M. should be allowed to explain the objects he had in view *in his own language* :" and afterwards, " after reciting, &c the author goes on"—" after some further reflections, the author winds up, &c. by the following"—" after mentioning, &c. the preacher proceeds"—" after alluding, &c. the author proceeds"—" we quote a few passages, as a specimen of the interest, &c."—" the following recommendation exemplifies, &c."—" after drawing a fine picture, &c. the author proceeds"—" the same strain of thought is discernible in the following"—" the following passage is also extremely characteristic"—serve to introduce patch after patch, and page after page, of *profitable* quotation, to the end of the chapter.

of its author's *genius*; we hope it may be the precursor to many other *manly sentiments* equally *well maintained*, in future productions of his pen. We are glad to see that his spirit, so far from lagging, continues to rise with more *animated vigour*, and with increasing *energy* both *of thought* and *expression*."—Literary Panorama.

"Since the time of the Baviad, we have not met with a production combining so much severity, with so much *genuine wit, humour*, and *real talent*."—British Critic.

"—These specimens will suffice to demonstrate the *spirit* with which the author wields the sword of satire. An impartial reader will not hesitate to admit that he is deserving of public thanks for the *masterly correction* which he has inflicted on incorrigible dullness and an obstinate malignity."—Antijacobin Review.

"The author's *verse* is *flowing* and *energetic*, his *imagination active*, and his *powers of expression fully equal* to the *true spirit* of his theme. We shall perhaps be accused of illiberality for noticing with praise, or even with complacency, the ensuing attack upon one who is generally considered as president of the northern board of criticism," [Jeffery, the editor of the Edinburgh Review]; but in justice to our author we cannot pass over what is perhaps the *most spirited portion* of his satire, and that which affords the *strongest evidence* of those *talents* for which we have given him ample credit."—Critical Review.

"The various attacks on the Edinburgh Review, which have appeared during the last six months, partly in prose,* partly in *some other sort of writing not exactly resembling prose*, would, if collected, make a volume of no ordinary weight; and, as far as we have had patience to peruse these things, *considerably exceeding* in *stupidity* any equal mass of controversial matter formerly produced."—Edinburgh Review.†

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* Alluding to Mr. Wharton's pamphlet, reviewed in our seventeenth number (Vol. IV. p. 184.)—Satirist.

† This extract, which occurs merely as a note on a political article in the

2. An Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life.

" Not less than four editions of this little volume, we understand, have been sold in two years. We should rejoice in this, had not the author occasionally mixed some *false morality* and rather *piquant allusions* in her dialogue. We cannot much admire wit so *alloyed*."—Antijacobin Review.

" The *sentiments* are *unexceptionable*."—British Critic.*

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3. Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb; embellished with Copper-plates.

" The *prints* are NEATLY *executed*."—Antijacobin Review.

" We cannot agree with the assertion of the title, that the tales are embellished by the *plates*; for though the designs are not amiss, the *execution* is so VERY COARSE and SLOVENLY.' &c.—British Critic.

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4. A new Spanish and English Grammar, by Thomas Planquais.

" With regard to these fundamental points, Mr. Planquais' Grammar appears to be *unexceptionable*."—Monthly Review.

"—The Spanish language therefore we deem of infinite importance: and congratulate the public that Mr. Planquais has published a Grammar of it upon a new plan, which indeed places his in the light of an original work, in which the mind is no longer en-

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last Number of the Edinburgh Review, is all the notice that Mr. Jeffery has thought fit to take, of a publication in which he receives as smart a lashing as ever he inflicted on any unfortunate author in *his* review; applied too with some genius and wit, which are things *quite out of Mr. Jeffery's line.*

* The British Critic, *according to custom*, has reviewed this book twice, (July 1807 and October 1808). The latter instance indeed might be attributed entirely to the publication of a new edition, were it not that the article does not refer to any former notice of the work, but on the contrary speaks of now "*not omitting*" to praise it, and of having "*expected* different things" from it. See the last two pages of our twentieth Number (Vol. IV. p. 519, 520) for former exploits of the British Critic, in the way of *criticism extraordinary.*

tangled by a mass of extraneous matter; but by precepts and examples, equally CORRECT and *perspicuous*, led by gradations from the easiest to the most difficult part of this scientific attainment, and consequently the study of the Castilian tongue *in a high degree facilitated* to the younger branches of students."—European Magazine.

"There is *nothing* in this ponderous volume which has any *particular claims to attention*; and were we to enumerate its ERRORS, we should *fill as many pages* as are necessary to contain a good grammar. In short, we can only say of this New Grammar, that it is a mass of *dirty paper illegibly printed*."—Antijacobin Review.

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5. Exodus, an Epic poem, in thirteen books; by Charles Hoyle.

§. "What may be the fate of Mr. Hoyle's epic, we know not; but we apprehend that it is more *likely* to be the *favourite of posterity*, than of the present age. That it possesses *merit* to support it as it *floats down the stream of time*, we are ready to confess. The versification *frequently* reminds us of *Milton*. The *talents* of the author are *incontestable*."—Oxford Review.

"The *language* of this author is *dignified* and POETICAL, and his *blank verse harmonious*. That he can also *imagine well*, and *describe with force*, might be proved by *instances innumerable*. He writes *almost every where* with *vigour* and POETICAL *dignity*; his *conceptions* are *frequently sublime in a high degree*, and his *expression* of them such as to give their *full force* to the images he presents. The contest of his demon Baal-famen with the archangel Gabriel is *truly original* and *grand*. They who can enjoy the gratification of *fine passages*, detached from their context, may here find an *abundant harvest*.—British Critic.

"We proceed most seriously to reprehend Mr. Hoyle for the indecency of imploring the aid of the Almighty to consecrate to immortality in heaven, *verses* which are *worthy of no-*

thing on earth except the *damnation* of a Seatonian prize-poem. If he allege the example of *Milton* in his defence, we answer in the first place, that he is *totally deficient* in *all* that *poetical inspiration* which animated the labours of his great prototype. The succeeding books, from the third to the seventh, present us with a *continuity* of *heaviness*, which is *never relieved* by any *richness of imagery*, or *felicity of expression*. After such an instance of *truly deplorable imbecility*," &c. "The general character of the poem is *inanimate*, *monotonous*, *flat*, and PROSAIC."—Critical Review.

§. "These specimens will *fully* shew that Mr. Hoyle has executed his task, with the *fire* of *true genius*, and that the commendation which we have bestowed is *due* to him as a scripture *epic poet*."—Monthly Review.

"It is really lamentable to see so much labour and learning as Mr. Hoyle appears to possess, wasted upon an undertaking so unpromising as an *epic poem*, and *to which* his *genius* is so *utterly inadequate*."—Annual Review.

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6. Poems, by Mr. Polwhele; in three volumes.

"Mr. Polwhele's *fame* as a *poet* has been too *long established* to be either increased by our praise, or diminished by our censures, were we disposed to inflict them. *Few poets* indeed of the present day have written so much and *written so well*; and though MOST of the poems which are inserted in these volumes have *before appeared*," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

"The present volumes are *by no means a republication* of former poems, except in a FEW *instances*. The first volume contains a poem entitled the *English Orator*: the lines in which the oratory of the late lord Chatham and his still more eloquent son are characterized, will give a proper taste of the *spirit* and *elegance* of the poem:—the *clear and energetic style* in which these characters are delineated, gives proof of a *poetical eloquence* well suited to the subject of the poem.—The second volume is occupied by a long poem in heroic couplets, entitled

Sir Allan, or the knight of expiring chivalry. The whole" [of this tale], " being the work of fancy, displays a *rich and vigorous imagination:* and if the length of the tale be not thought objectionable, we *know not* of *any other fault* that can impede its popularity. The *descriptions* are often VIVID, the situations well imagined, and the versification free yet harmonious."—British Critic.

" The present publication contains VERY LITTLE that is ***original***. Mr. Polwhele is one who, with some share of fancy and a *small store* of *poetical ideas*, has contrived to *puzzle* and *perplex* the former, and to garble, confound, and mortify the latter, *more* than *any self-called poet*, whose works it has been our misfortune to peruse. His *English Orator*, which occupies the first volume of this collection, is of all his labours the most free both from the praise and censure of the foregoing sentence: it possesses indeed as *little imagination*, and as much *straight-forward unmeaning dullness*, as any four cantos of didactic blank verse that ever were composed.—*Sir Allan*, or the knight of expiring chivalry, (a strange title!) contains both near approaches to poetry, and *wider deviations from good sense*. There are some *descriptions* in the early part of the poem, which would be pleasing if they were less OBSCURE, and some *thoughts* that would be pretty if they were less *affected*. As for the *story* of Sir Allan, its most striking peculiarities are *improbability* and *incomprehensibility*. So much for the descriptive and narrative: but when Mr. Polwhele assumes the satirist, *nothing can exceed* his *coarseness*, but his *want of wit*; and in point of *humour*, Sir Allan is more *low and vulgar* even than the author's own Theocritus."—Critical Review.

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7. Quæstiones Græcæ, or Questions adapted to the Eton Greek Grammar; by the Reverend John Simpson.

"This publication may, with great propriety, be recommended to the notice of *all tutors*, and to the adoption of those who use the Eton Greek grammar."—Eclectic Review.

"Mr. Simpson's plan will be found very useful to *stupid school-masters*, who *do not know how* to examine their pupils without the assistance of such an auxiliary."—Critical Review.

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8. The Twin Sisters, or the advantages of Religion.

"This is a *very interesting* and instructive tale, and does *great credit* both to the *head* and heart of the writer."—British Critic.

"This little tale is written with a degree of *ingenuity* and *taste* that increases our disposition to recommend it."—Eclectic Review.

"On the score of morality we have no objection to the Twin Sisters: but as a novel, it has *not the least claim* to our applause; inasmuch as it is as *dull* and *prosing* a performance as ever issued from the pen of methodism."—Critical Review.

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9. Characteristic Anecdotes of Men of Learning and Genius, &c. by John Watkins, LL.D.

"The anecdotes and sketches contained in this volume are numerous and *interesting*."—Antijacobin Review.

"A mere compilation, *utterly devoid of interest*."—Critical Review.

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10. Edwy and Elgiva, and Sir Everard, two tales; by the Reverend Robert Bland.

"It has occurred to us as *remarkable* that Mr. Bland should have clothed these tales in *heroic verse*, in preference to the *ballad-stanza*; which seems *always* to have been devoted to such compositions, as *most appropriate* by its touching simplicity."—Monthly Review.

"Since the days of Dryden we have scarcely ever witnessed that *goodly* sight, a short and interesting tale in the *regular English couplet*. We have had epic poems, at least at the rate of one for every year; and ballads, both old and new, in every possible variety of metre: but no tales told in the *true language* of our national poetry. We would therefore gladly hail this little vo-

lume as the fore-runner of *better times* to come; as the vehicle in which the genius of old English verse has ventured to *return* from his long banishment, and reassume the *ancient honours* of his empire.—Critical Review.

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11. Theodore, or the Peruvians; from the French of Pigault Lebrun, by E.W.

"*A singularly interesting* and *affecting* tale, *translated* with spirit, *elegance*, and *correctness*. Whenever a tale unites *lively entertainment* with *unexceptionable delicacy of sentiment*, we shall *strongly recommend it*, as we do this work, to female readers in particular."—British Critic.

"One of the *most pleasing* and *interesting* little tales we have lately seen, and greatly superior to any thing we would * have expected from P. Lebrun. It is in general *well translated*; and there is a *happy delicacy of sentiment* which pervades it, as if coming from a female pen. From the vulgar idea of Peru, there are too many golden scenes; but these are not such as materially affect the general *simplicity* and *interest* of the tale."—Antijacobin Review.

"This story was *not worth translating*. The title of a Peruvian Countess falling in love with an European has been often told, and never more *unnaturally* than by M. Lebrun."—Annual Review.

"This is one of the *ephemeral insects* of literature which we certainly shall not take the pains of dissecting minutely; and a microscopic examination of which would be an absolute *waste of criticism*. To expose in detail all its *faults* and *absurdities*, would be indeed to break a butterfly on the wheel."—Monthly Review.

"The translation contains rather *too strong a taint* of the *French idiom*."—Critical Review.

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* This critic seems to have lately left Dublin.—Sat.

Comparative Criticism Extraordinary. No. VI.

Sibi constet!—HORACE.

That *each from other differs*, first confess:
Next, that he *varies from himself no less*.—POPE.*

The Forest of Comalva, a Novel; by Mary Hill.

"Considering the Forest of Comalva as the first production of a virgin writer, we entered it with much apprehension. We have passed through it however without any danger; and though it abounds neither with pedestrian petitioners nor wayfaring murderers, we *do not regret* the events of our journey. It is something, *not to have failed* in any first attempt."—Beau Monde, April 1, 1809.

"This novel is *absolutely below criticism*; a *mere* modern *farrago* sprung from romance and *folly*, and *calculated only to mislead* young boarding-school misses to the contemplation of scenes which never had existence except in the *whimsies* of an heated imagination."—Beau Monde again, for May (June 1.) 1809.†

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* Moral Essays: Epistle 1.

† It is necessary on this occasion to make a few remarks by way of explanation. The Beau Monde, like the Eclectic Review, is every month pestering its readers with whole pages of puffs and professions: it does not, however, like that *evangelical* journal, stick to its *text*; but is eternally playing such tricks with alterations of plan (as it calls them), &c. &c. &c. that there is no guessing what it will be at for two months together. In June 1808, "in the literary management of their magazine, the proprietors challenge competition with any periodical work of the day!" yet four months afterward "they will not shrink from avowing their decided conviction that, both as a *literary* and fashionable magazine, it is *susceptible* of *very essential improvements*." Accordingly, in the following January, mysterious intimations are

Parallel Criticism, No. II.

[Here again we have something to say of the Beau Monde. On first instituting the present branch of our Comparative department, (at the end of our seventeenth Number, Vol. IV. p. 208.), we mentioned that its materials would never be drawn from sources that were professedly mere compilations, but solely from articles purporting to be original. By this we meant to exclude, as a matter of course, the half-yearly and quarterly retrospects which some of the reviewers give: but could hardly expect any of the regular magazines to fall within the restriction; and still less the Beau Monde, by far the most expensive of them. A cursory examination however of the two last Numbers of this "*entire new* work," has convinced us that its literary criticism is, in the strictest sense of the word, a *mere* "compilation;" and therefore, after giving such examples as we hope will satisfy our readers on the subject, we shall dismiss that publication for ever from our notice in this view.]

1. The Constancy of Israel, by Solomon Bennett.

"Mr. Solomon Bennett, the author of this work, is, in addition to his theological qualifications, an engraver of prints in line," &c. "Of his style of engraving he has exhibited a specimen at the commencement of the work, in a portrait of his own agreeable physiognomy; and many of our readers will, no doubt, think that he *shines more as a professor of the arts than a champion of theology*."—Critical Review for March 1809.

"This writer may be a *good artist*, but is certainly a *very indifferent theologian*. We think the *engraving* the *best part of his work*."—Beau Monde.

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given, of "some important revisions" and "constitutional amendments," and that "the task of amelioration is now accomplishing:"—and the Number for February presented in its title the regenerative words, "Novel Series." The next month's "Correspondence," however, shewed that the conduct of this "novel series" had already produced charges (*proh pudor!*) against "*the editor's honesty*." In short, the device would not succeed, and a more ingenious

2. Two Sermons, preached on the 1st and 8th of January, 1809; by Joseph Nightingale.

"*Mr. Nightingale, in his preface, says that, 'these sermons were written without the most distant view to publication, and are now printed in compliance with a request he knew not how to deny.'* On a work thus circumstanced we should think ourselves uncharitable if we were to exert the most rigid scrutiny of criticism. Had Mr. Nightingale prepared his sermons for the press with more anxious care than he professes to have bestowed on the *composition*," &c.—"*These two sermons* of Mr. Nightingale by no means detract from the *moderation*," &c.—Critical Review, for February, 1809.

"*These two sermons* are written with great *moderation. We are informed by their author that 'they were composed without the most distant view to publication, and are now printed in compliance with a request he knew not how to deny.'* This apology may be satisfactory to the author, and acquit him to his own feelings for the want of those last touches which the writer should certainly have bestowed upon some parts of these *compositions*."—Beau Monde for April, (May 1), 1809.

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3. The Christian Name,—a discourse; by Thomas Jervis.

"In this sensible discourse, Mr. Jervis *encourages his auditors to be contented with the simple name of 'Christian;' and not to seek to be designated, nor to designate others, by those sectarian appellations*," &c. "*If Christ were now upon earth, all*

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one must be thought of. This was done therefore in the Number published on the first of May; when (after entertaining, and then giving up, the idea of trying what merely a fresh title would do) the price was nearly doubled, the publication was *elegantly* called "an *entire new* work," and something was said which nobody can understand, about "an opportunity having presented of purchasing Le Beau Monde." But these shallow artifices, this stir and coil, to attract the public notice, do not impose on us. With the *same publishers*, the *same printers*, the *same artists*, the *same writers*, and (as we are confident is the case) the *same proprietors*, the work is still *the same*; and consequently continues answerable for any inconsistency with the judgments which its former Numbers have declared.

sects would claim him as their own, but *it is much to be doubted whether* any one would receive his *exclusive* approbation. 'Endeavouring *to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace*,' let all nominal distinctions be abolished, save one; *for 'one is our master, even Christ.*"—Critical Review, for February, 1809.

"*The object of this discourse is, to recommend a total disuse of all the names by which the several sects*," &c. "*are distinguished. If Christ were on earth, each sect would claim him*; and *it is presumed* that speculative difference of opinion would *neither exclude* one sect from his love," &c. "Mr. Jervis therefore exhorts all who profess a belief in him, *to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; for one is our master, even Christ.*"—Beau Monde, for April, (May 1), 1809.

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4. The French Student's Vade-mecum, &c. &c. by the Reverend P. C. Le Vasseur.

"We do not think that *the title page* promises more than will be found in this little work itself, which will be of much assistance to the memory, particularly in writing French. We find many *who speak this language* fluently, and even elegantly, yet are very *deficient in writing* good French. This work is well adapted for the *improvement of those* who are desirous both of *writing* and of speaking the French language correctly.'—Critical Review, for April, 1809.

"*The title-page* of this work is sufficiently full and explanatory of its contents. We think very well of the performance; and that it may assist those *who speak the language*, to *write it accurately*."—Beau Monde, for May (June 1), 1809.

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5. The Towers of Lothian, a Scottish Legend.

"To those who love *the horrid, the marvellous*, and *the improbable*, the Towers of Lothian will afford *ample* amusement. The affectation of writing like Mrs. Radcliffe would spoil a story

more judiciously combined," &c. " The endeavour to *blend the story with characters*, in the English and *Scottish history*, is so *very clumsily performed,*" " *The birth of the young earl of Nithisdale* is *not at all cleared up nor explained*, and *the preservation of the young earl of Lothian* is equally improbable and *unaccountable.* Half *the materials* which are huddled together in these volumes *might, in the hands of a person* even of moderate discrimination and *ability, have been wrought into* an instructive and *pleasing* tale." —Critical Review for March, 1809.

" This story is *full* of *the marvellous, the improbable,* and *the horrific.* The incidents are *put together* in a *clumsy inartificial manner.* The *introduction of Scottish history* is *awkward and ill-assorted. We are left in the dark* as to *the birth of the young earl of Nithisdale, and the preservation of the earl of Lothian.* The *story in better hands might have been rendered* at least *entertaining.*"—Beau Monde for May, 1809.

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6. General Redemption, &c.; a letter addressed to Robert Hawker, D. D. by John Evans, A. M.

" *Whatever may be the notions of the doctor* respecting the future happiness of any portion of mankind, it is *with uncommon satisfaction* that *we behold him* the kind-hearted and glowing *advocate of such an institution as the London Female Penitentiary.* We are glad to find that *general benevolence is not* in this instance *excluded from* the *theological scheme* of the *Calvinists. We shall not quarrel with Dr. Hawker* for not assenting to the *notions* of Mr. Evans respecting redemption, *while he makes the benevolence* of Jesus the pattern of his *conduct* in the path of life."—Critical Review for April, 1809.

" *Whatever may be our ideas of the opinions which have been expressed by Dr. Hawker, we are very well pleased to find him* among the practical *supporters of an institution* which, to us at least, carries the probability of being so extensively useful as *the*

London Female Penitentiary. Calvanistic severity* upon certain points of *religious* duty, neither should, *nor does it* necessarily *exclude general* philanthrophy † and *benevolence*; and *what may be the* particular *tenets of the* worthy *doctor we shall not stay to enquire*, satisfied as we are with his *practice.*"—Beau Monde for May (June 1) 1809.‡

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* "Calvanistic:" so in original.—SAT.

† "Philanthropy:" so in original.—SAT.

‡ We have no doubt that the above examples (in which we have confined the comparison to the Critical Review, as that seems the principal oracle consulted by the Beau Monde), will be fully sufficient for the satisfaction of our readers; who may also, if inclined to take the trouble, examine and compare the following additional instances: "Ecclesiastical Annual Register," Critical Review for April 1809, with Beau Monde for May (June 1) 1809; "Bartrum's Report of the Trial, Nightingale against Stockdale," Critical Review for March 1809, with Beau Monde for May; "View of the Political Situation of Upper Canada," the same two Numbers; and "Baynes's Fast Sermon," Critical Review for February, and Beau Monde for April (May 1.) With respect to the last of these, we could venture to defy the ingenuity of man to express a sentence more faithfully in different phrases, and almost the precise number of words.

Sic transit gloria MUNDI!—So much for the BEAU MONDE.

Bill of
Wrights
Political
Register
Address
Address of the
Damages
Published for the Satirist. August 1st 1809. by S. Tipper. 37 Leadenha